THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCV.—No. 1236

AUGUST 24 1927

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

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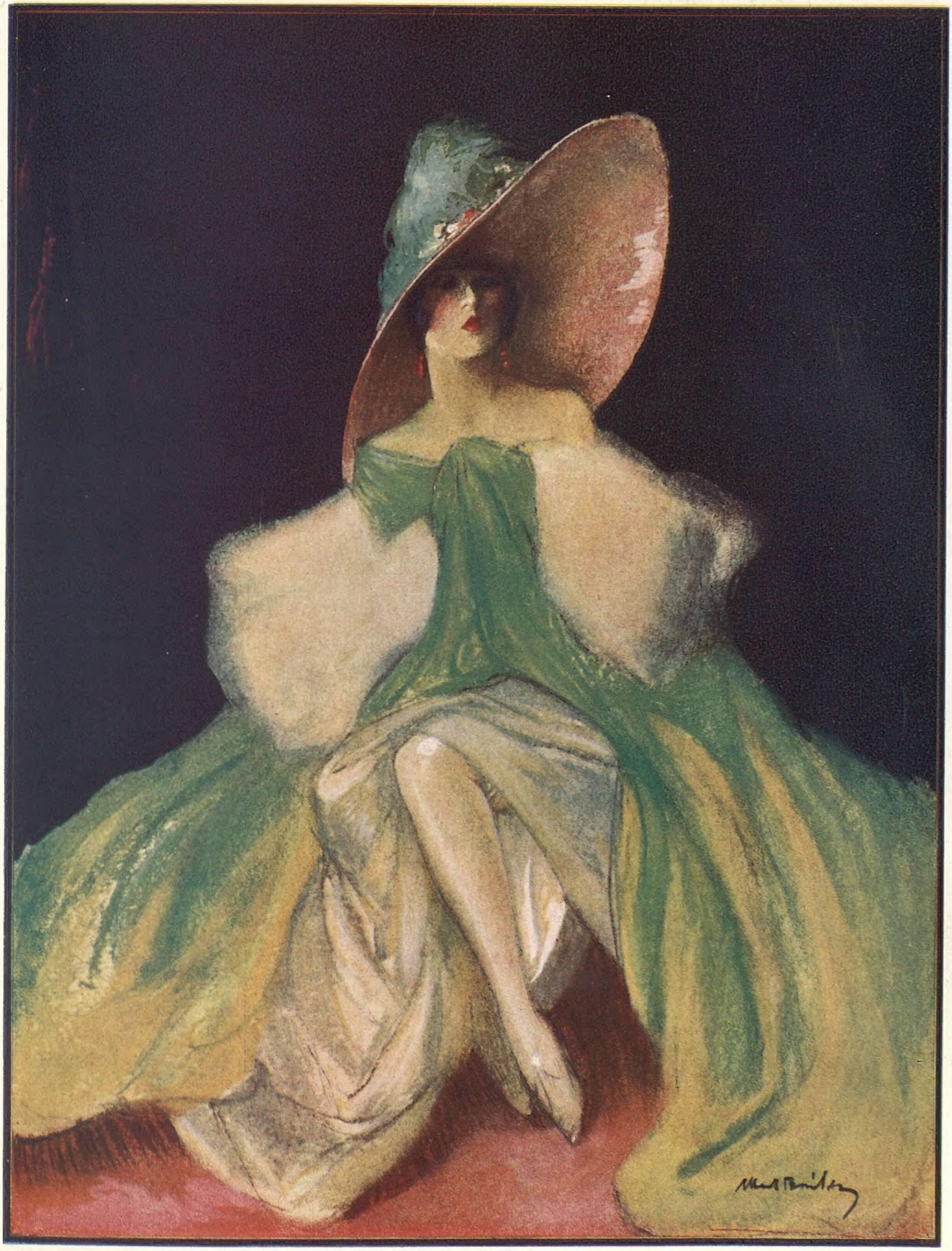
The Bystander, August 24, 1927

A.E. Johnson

No. 1236 Vol. XCV

First British Rights

The BYSTANDER



BY ALBERT BAILEY

THE GREEN CLOAK

From Our Portrait Gallery

Douglas

Mrs. Charles Montagu-Douglas-Scott, whose husband is the son of the late Admiral Lord Charles Montagu-Douglas-Scott, G.C.B., and a cousin of the Duke of Buccleuch. Mrs. Montagu-Douglas-Scott before her marriage was Miss Hope Younger, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. W. J. Younger, of Harmeny, Balerno, Midlothian

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

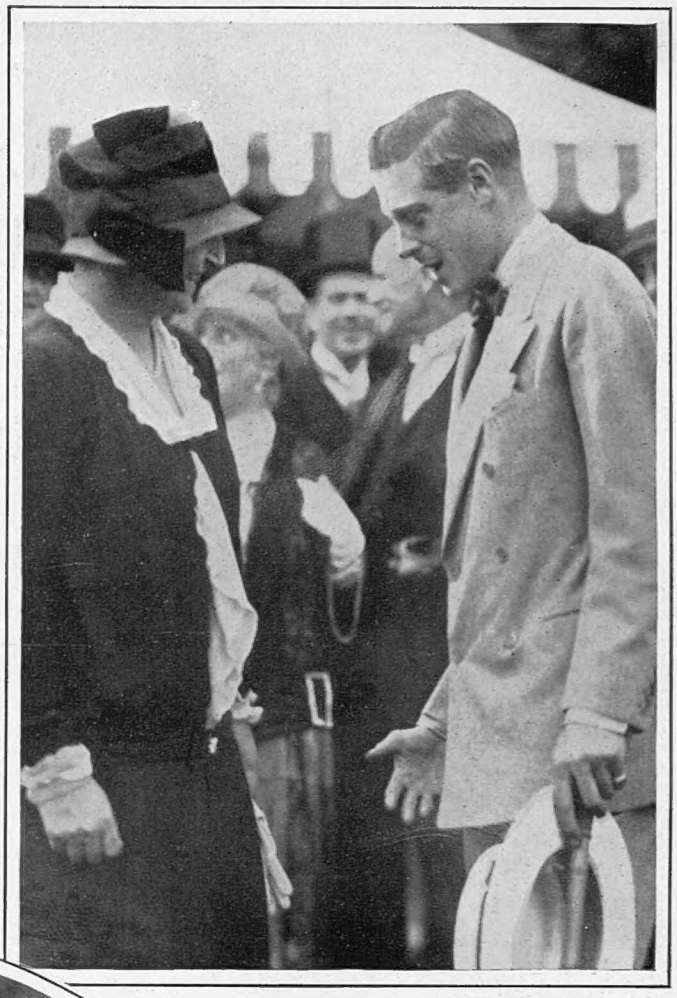
BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Bolton Abbey

I WONDER how many people there are to whom the name of Bolton Abbey recalls a steel engraving which, thirty years or so ago, hung over the mantelpiece in most people's dining-rooms, and generally in a maple-wood frame? It was an engraving of a picture by Landseer, called "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," and there must be thousands of people who had their first mid-day dinner "downstairs" at their parents' luncheon, and who had their first dessert at the grown-ups' dinner under its profusion of beast, fowl, and fish.

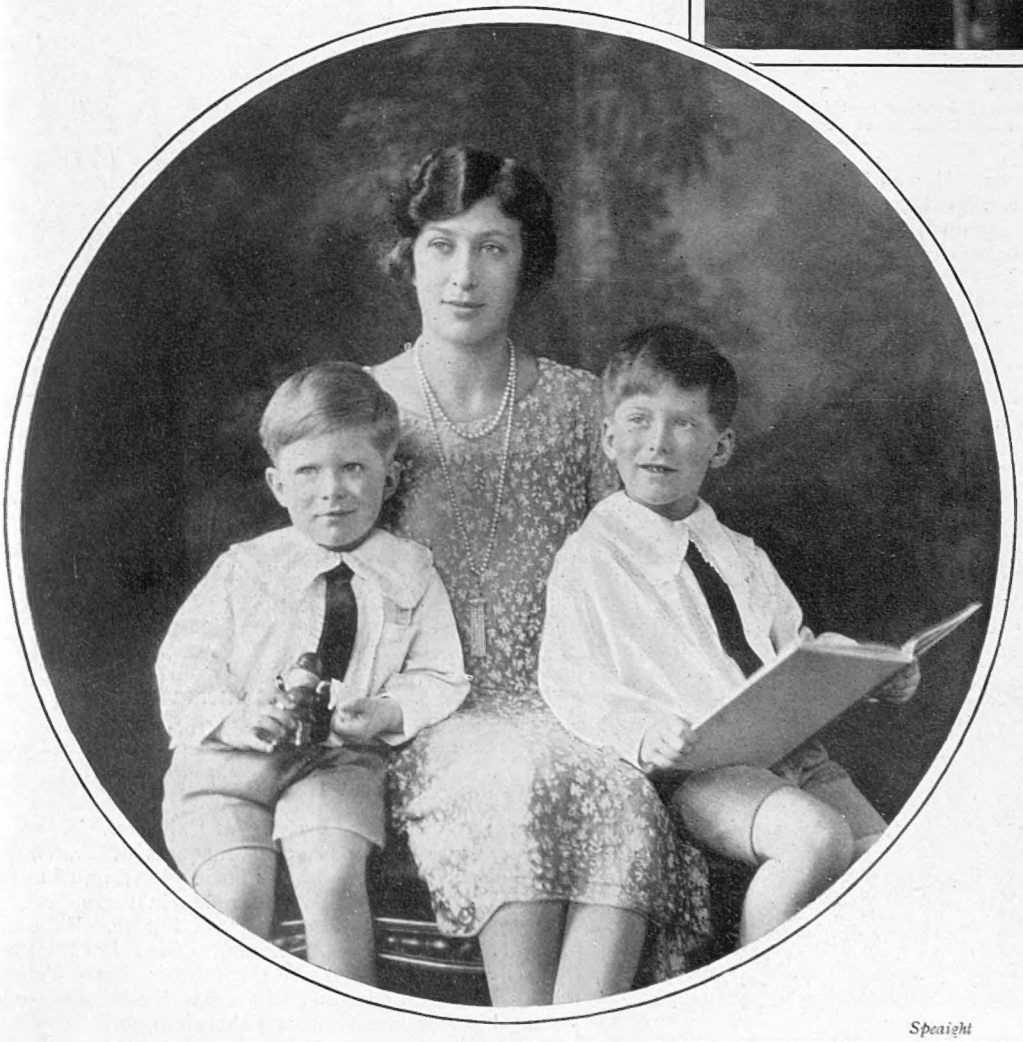
Myself, I remember as a child thinking, as I looked at an extremely corpulent monk taking toll of a dead stag, fish, and game, which apparently had been spread all over the floor by a young man and young woman with those hefty calves in which Landseer delighted, and which were never seen on land or sea, that seeing the monk was already so fat, if he ate all that produce he would burst.

That Bolton Abbey has entirely departed, and the house where the King stayed with the Duke of Devonshire is modern and comparatively small. His Majesty, I hear, had excellent sport. Despite the frosts in April there was an abundance of strong, healthy birds. Following the usual custom when the King goes to Bolton Abbey, there was no "party," only the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, some members of their family, the King, and his two Gentlemen-in-Waiting.



IN MONTREAL *Rice*

The Prince of Wales chatting with the Hon. Marguerite Shaughnessy. The photograph was taken at a garden party given by Senator and Mrs. W. L. McDouglad at their house in Montreal



Speaight

EN FAMILLE

Princess Mary photographed with her two sons, the Hon. George and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles. The latter was three years old last Sunday, August 21, his brother being a year and a half older

What Really Happened

SPEAKING of the Duke of Devonshire, a newspaper, in mentioning that the Duke had thrown open the gardens of Chatsworth in aid of the Queen Alexandra Memorial Fund, said that many enquiries were made for the huge conservatory, built by Paxton, and which was the genesis of the Crystal Palace. The newspaper added that the fact of the site of the huge greenhouse being now covered with tennis courts and herbaceous borders was a sign of the taste of our time.

This does not exactly describe the disappearance of

Hay Wrightson

LADY WINCHILSEA

Whose husband succeeded to the title on the death of his father, the thirteenth Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham. She is the daughter of Mr. A. J. Drexel

what used to be called the Palm House. It was built in the time of the sixth Duke of Devonshire, who, being a bachelor, was able to spend vast sums of money upon the gardens at Chatsworth. Paxton was his head-gardener. The Prince Consort was so taken by the plans for the Palm House that by his direct suggestion Paxton made designs for the Crystal Palace, which was first erected in Hyde Park for the Great Exhibition of 1851.

In the course of time the Palm House at Chatsworth became a veritable white elephant, its maintenance costing, I believe, something close on £10,000 a year. The late Duke of Devonshire was most anxious to do away with it, but he was warned that if he did so, the political effect in Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, and other big places in the North would be disastrous. Every week in the summer, hundreds of excursionists from that region go to Chatsworth, and the Palm House was the great centre of attraction. The custom of years had grown to be considered as a right by the excursionists. To abolish the Palm House, therefore, said the political authorities, would cause great discontent, which would reflect upon the Duke, and so upon his party. It was believed, and doubtless justly, that the destruction of the Palm House would be used as an adverse election cry.

The present Duke of Devonshire bore the burden until the War. Then, it was no longer a question of politics. It was a question of fuel. Obviously, thousands of tons of coal a year could not be wasted in keeping up the semi-tropical atmosphere of the Palm House. There was not sufficient labour available to take it down piecemeal, so one fine day it was blown into a shower of glass and iron by dynamite. But for the War, I expect the Palm House would still be standing at Chatsworth.

The Queen's Visit

UNLIKE the King, the Queen generally varies the visits she pays between

Sport and General

A PRIZE GIVING

Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Irwin at the Bangalore Race Club. Lady Irwin is seen presenting the prizes and trophies won during the meeting

A CRICKETING OCCASION

Sir Herbert and Lady Vernon with some of their guests whom they entertained at the house party held at Eastham House, Cheshire, when an Eastham House XI met Eastham on Sir Herbert's private ground. The photograph shows, standing: Mr. J. S. Vernon (left), Sir Herbert Vernon, Mr. H. O. Hopkins, Mr. H. St. J. Williams, Lady Vernon and Mr. H. B. Vernon. Seated: Mr. J. Macdonald Grey and Mr. H. S. Morris

leaving Cowes and arriving at Balmoral. This year she went to her brother, the Marquess of Cambridge, at Shotton Hall, near Shrewsbury. Lord and Lady Cambridge are very rarely in London in these days, except for brief visits to Buckingham Palace. Both are devoted to a country life, and, whilst Lord Cambridge serves on many county committees, Lady Cambridge, the youngest daughter of the late Duke of Westminster by his first marriage, and therefore an aunt of the present Duke, devotes much of her time to successful dog-breeding.

Whilst she was at Shotton, the Queen went over to Dallicot, near Bridgnorth, the residence of Lord Cambridge's elder son, Lord Eltham, who married four

LADY LOUGHBOROUGH AND SIR JOHN MILBANKE

LADY HOWARD GRÆME AND CAPT. CARLIN

MISS BROCK AND MRS. MORTON HEWITT

News Illus.

Some racegoers who fell before the onslaught of the camera. The photographs were taken at the recent races at Ashey in the Isle of Wight

...rs ago a niece of the Earl of Hunt...don.

...rom Shotton, the Queen went on to ...tle Bromwich, near Birmingham, the ...er house of the Dowager Countess of ...lford, who is an extra Lady of the ...chamber to Her Majesty, and a sister ... Countess Grosvenor, the mother of the Duke of Westminster. Despite its near...s to Birmingham, Castle Bromwich is ... secluded, and has beautiful gardens. ...ence the Queen went to Goldsborough Hall to stay with Princess Mary, and it is expected that she will pay her usual visit to the Duchess of York's sister, Lady Elphinstone, at Carberry Tower, near Edinburgh, on her way north to Balmoral.

The Queen delights in these visits to her friends. When she was a girl, she and her mother, the Duchess of Teck, made a round of country house visits every year, and there are few of the great houses in England in which the Queen has not stayed, and which she does not know intimately.

Colonel the Duchess

UNTIL her appointment by the King as Colonel-in-Chief of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, the Duchess of York, with the exception of Princess Victoria and the Queen of Norway, was the only royal lady close to the succession who did not hold a colonelcy. The Queen is Colonel-in-Chief of the 13th/18th Hussars, and of the 100th (Worcestershire and Oxfordshire Yeomanry) Brigade R.F.A. Princess Mary is Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Scots; the Princess Royal of the 4th/7th Dragoon Guards; and Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, of Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Princess Beatrice has no military rank, but she is Governor and Captain of the Isle of Wight, and Governor of Carisbrooke Castle.

The All-pervading Feminine

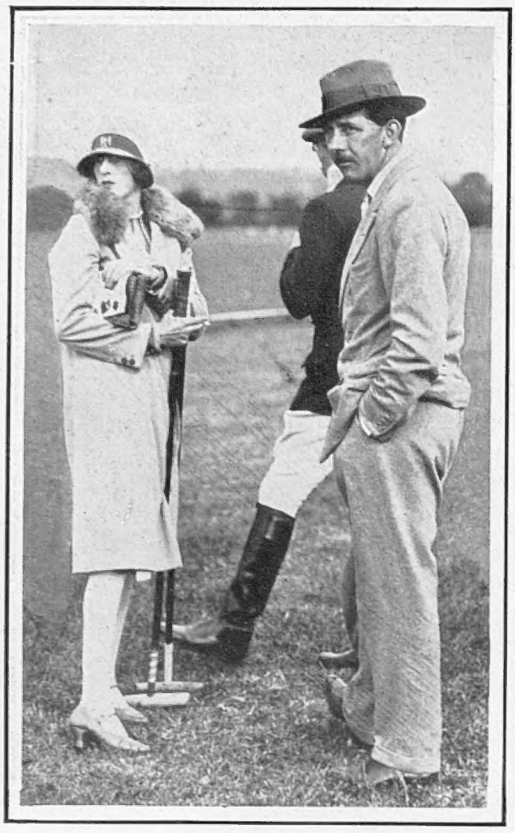
I TOLD you a week or so ago that a ladies' annexe had been arranged at that most conservative club in the world, the Royal Yacht Squadron. Whether it is because of this startling change on the other side of the Channel or for some other cause, I cannot tell you, but this year for the first time since it existed, the *Privé* at the Casino at Deauville has been thrown open to women. Hitherto it has been sacrosanct to the mere male, and the play there has been conducted in absolute silence. Your Bystander was there once, but departed after a few minutes. The intense silence made him feel he was assisting at some religious ceremony, an essential part of which was the possession of piles upon piles of *mille* notes.

The change, I imagine, will not be popular with the *habitués* of the *Privé*.

Sport and General

OUT AFTER OTTERS

Four followers of the Cheriton Otterhounds rest on their "arms" before going into action. Seen above are Sir Edward and Lady Petrie (left), Capt. Wight Boycott and Mr. Waters



Sport and General

LADY BLANCHE DOUGLAS WITH CAPT. DALRYMPLE

Hitherto, there was no entrance fee. Now it is 500 francs for both men and women.

Tout Passe

ONE would have imagined the Potinière to be as fixed in the Deauville day as the stars in the sky. But the glories and the crowd of that little street between the Casino and the shops have drifted beachwards, and now all Deauville gathers near the planks that run along the sand by the bathing cabins for its *apéritifs* and gossip. And, as "trade follows the flag" in new British colonies, so are stalls and tents with knick-knacks and garments for sale cropping up daily near the bathing huts.

The explanation, I understand, is that the Potinière had of late years become uncomfortably crowded by day trippers, who had come to gaze upon the wonderful garments—or lack of them—of the ladies who *épatent* Deauville both by day and night.

A good many people thought that with the death last year of M. Cornuché, the creator of Deauville, its varied glories would suffer an eclipse. But M. Cornuché's mantle has descended on M. André, and everything goes with the same perfection as in other years. M. André, too, has taken over the work which M. Cornuché set himself to do at La Baule, so I expect within a year or so we shall have another Deauville in South Brittany, to which people who affect the older place will flock when the August season there is over.

Alfieri

LT.-COL. W. A. BISHOP AND THE HON. C. W. DRESSELHUYS

ROUND ABOUT DEAUVILLE

With the Deauville season at its height, the *plage* and polo ground are the centre of the usual big circle of visitors. Above are some habitués who are holidaying there

The Late Sir George Lewis

AT the end of the railway station at Territet there is a railing. If you climb or vault over this railing you save yourself a walk round to the station entrance. Your Bystander has done this many times when staying at Territet. Sir George Lewis did the same thing and with tragic result. He was caught by the incoming train and killed.

Sir George was one of the rare instances in which a clever son was not overshadowed by a clever father. We have a good many examples in our public life of really capable men whose whole career has been overshadowed and all their efforts minimised by their fathers' reputations, but Sir George was the exception. He carried on from the point at which his father laid down the work of the famous firm.

The work of the firm for the most part was of a supremely delicate nature, and father and son, I suppose, were the repositories of more family secrets than any other two men in the country. But what they knew, they alone knew. Not a word, a hint, or a suggestion even, escaped them, let charming great ladies fish ever so cleverly, or the truly illustrious ask plain, blunt questions.

The new rule by which the names of victims in blackmailing cases are not given in the newspapers must have facilitated one side of the late Sir George's work Up to that time he and his father waged unceasing war on blackmailers, but the pub-

Sport and General

SIR COLERIDGE AND LADY KENNARD

Sport and General

MRS. TREMAYNE, LADY DIANA SHEDDEN AND VIOLET DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER

licity given to names prevented them bringing many of the worst specimens of this loathsome species to justice.

The father of the late Sir George worked rather on the principle of "diamond cut diamond." If a victim sought his help he immediately set to work to discover the antecedents of the blackmailer, and in most instances with shattering results to the blackmailer's wicked claims.

Of father and son it is claimed that the late Sir George was the sounder lawyer. At any rate, it is said that in a recent *cause célèbre*, when the resistance of a claim for money brought out a shower of unpleasant facts, he

Photo Illus.

ROUNDING THE MARK

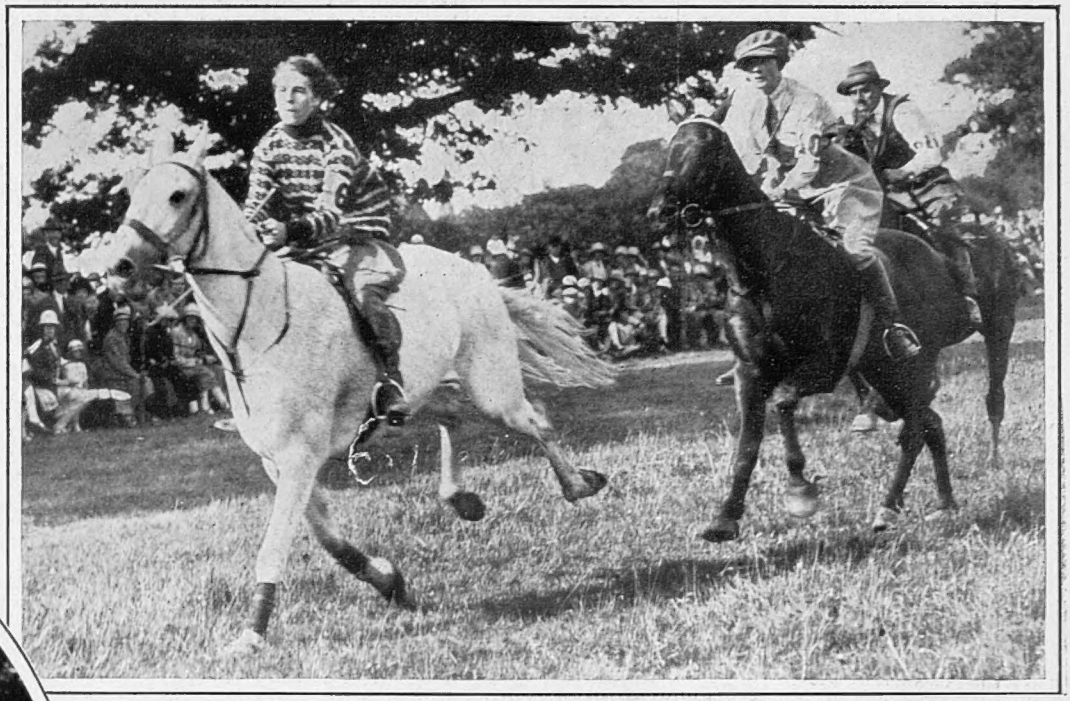
Miss D. Mann seen in the course of winning the Potato Race at the Mounted Gymkhana at Burgess Hill. She also won the Pony Race

strongly advised the side for which he was acting to pay rather than go into Court; not for fear of what might come out, but because he believed the jury would consider the other side had a legal right to the money claimed. The verdict proved that he was right.

Because of a Mistake

MARRIAGES may be made in heaven, but I know of one which is going to happen shortly entirely through a missed telegram and a chauffeur's mistake.

A young man was bidden for a week-end visit by some people he knew fairly well in London, but to whose country house he had never been. He arrived, by the train he had been directed to take, at a small wayside station. On the platform was



DIANA TO THE FORE *Photo Illus.*

The finish of one of the heats in the Pony Race at Burgess Hill Mounted Gymkhana. It was won by Billy (Miss R. E. Baxter up), another lady finishing second

a chauffeur, who, touching his cap, picked up the young man's suit-case and led the way to a solitary motor.

After a four-mile run they arrived at a big house. A footman took the suit-case and a butler showed the young man into an empty drawing-room, saying:

"The young ladies are in the garden, sir. I will tell them you are here."

The young man was rather puzzled, as his host and hostess had no children, but thought the butler might be speaking of visitors.

In a few moments a very pretty girl came into the room. When she saw the young man she gasped, saying:

"But you are not Mr. So-and-So. The butler said he was in the drawing-room."

"My name is Such-and-Such," said he.

"But Mr. So-and-So was coming to us for the week-end! We sent the car to the station to meet him."

"A green car, with a chauffeur in green livery?" asked the young man.

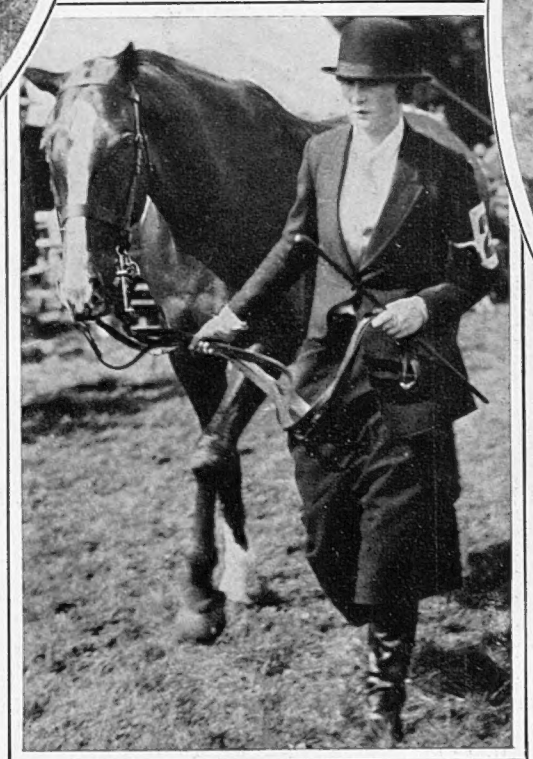
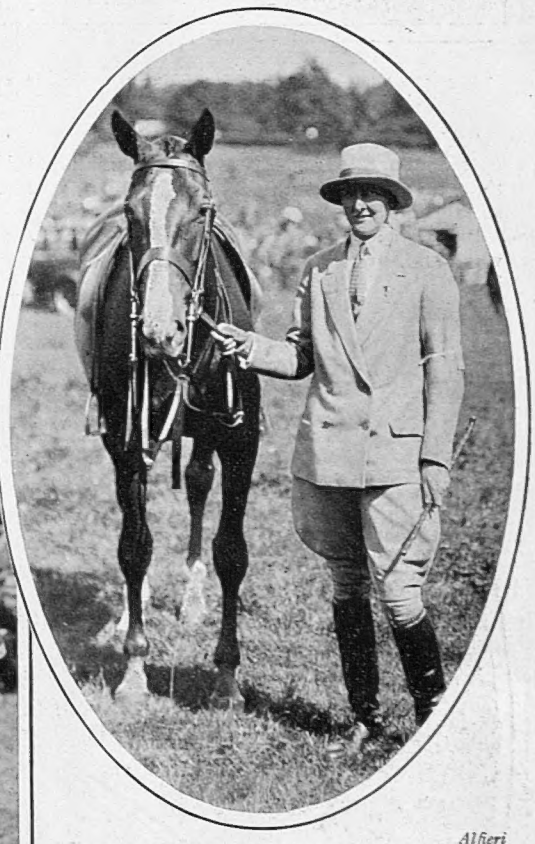


Photo Illus.

IN SUSSEX

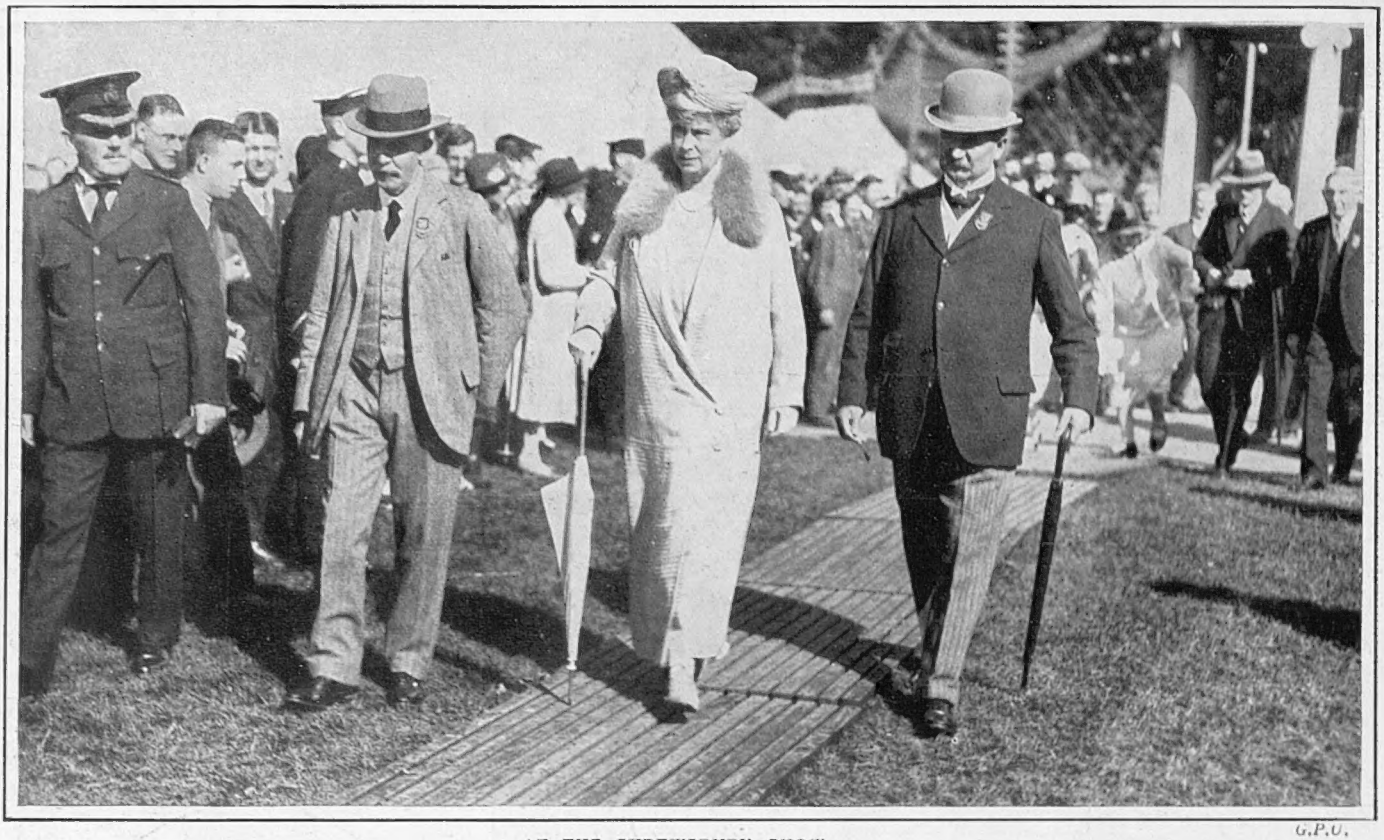
Miss Mary Mercer-Nairne, the daughter of Lady Violet Astor, with her horse Scamperdale which took first prize in the Open Hunters Class. The photograph was taken at the Wadhurst Horse Show



Alfieri

"ON PARADE" AT READING

Mrs. R. Porter with her chestnut mare Sandridge Gay Darling at the Reading and District Horse Show. It was held in the grounds of Mr. Oliver Dixon's estate



G.P.U.

AT THE SHREWSBURY SHOW

The Queen, during her visit to Shropshire, visited the Shrewsbury Flower Show, which is an outstanding event of the year in the county. She is here seen walking through the show grounds in the Quarry

"Yes, that is ours," said the girl.

It began to dawn on the young man that there was a mistake somewhere, so he explained.

"I was asked to the Dashes for the week-end. This is the house, isn't it?"

"Oh, no," came the dismaying reply. "They live six miles off. Besides, poor Mr. Dash died suddenly last night."

An Awkward Moment

THE young man naturally made profuse apologies, and said he would take the next train back to London. But the pretty girl pointed out that no car was available in that remote district, and their own car, after dropping him, had gone to a neighbouring village to pick up her mother; so wouldn't he have tea whilst he waited for her mother's return?

That lady was late, and before her return a hot, dusty, and rather dishevelled man of middle age arrived. Finding nothing to meet him at the station, and no conveyance available, he had walked. This was the expected visitor. When the mother finally returned there was only one London train available, and so late, that she asked the young man to stay the week-end with them.

The Result

THE explanation of the young man finding himself in the abode of strangers was that the telegram announcing his host's death arrived after he had left his rooms in London. Also, the chauffeur, seeing only one gentleman get out of the train, thought it was the one he had been ordered to meet, whereas the real Simon Pure was in the far end of the train, and, having fallen asleep, was nearly carried on.

The result of all this was the recent announcement of an engagement between the young man and the pretty girl. He made so agreeable an impression on the first visit that he was asked again and again, with the result as aforesaid.

Q.P.

A SAPPER'S WEDDING

Lt.-Col. A. J. G. Bird, D.S.O., R.E., leaving St. Michael's, Chester Square, with his bride, Miss Eileen Julia Cameron, after their wedding last week. The bride is the younger daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Cameron, of Weston, Bath

Photopress

LEAVING ST. MARTIN'S

Capt. G. F. Watkins and his bride, Miss Margaret Isobel Burnett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burnett, of Carmarthenshire, leaving St. Martin's in the Fields after their wedding. Capt. Watkins is in the Royal Army Veterinary Corps

A Link between English-speaking Peoples

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND VICE-PRESIDENT DAWES SHAKE HANDS ACROSS THE BOUNDARY *P and A*

THE PRIME MINISTER GREETING MRS. FRANK B. BAIRD *Central Press*

Two photographs taken at the opening of the Peace Bridge between Canada and the United States, which was attended by a distinguished gathering, including the Prince of Wales, Prince George, the Prime Ministers of Great Britain and Canada, General Dawes, Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Kellogg, the Secretary of State, the Governor of New York and many others. The bridge, which connects Buffalo, N.Y., with the Southern neck of the Niagara River end of Lake Erie, was opened by the cutting of a tape by Mrs. Dawes and Mrs. Ross, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. The bridge has been in use since June, but was closed again for the ceremony

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Are Frenchmen Wicked?

WHEN I said last week, that Brighton and Blackpool should try to be more like Deauville and Dieppe, I seem to have "spilt a bibful." So, at least, I gather from my letter-bag. My correspondents include those who think it is wicked to be French, and we won't argue about that. If you think a Frenchman is wicked, he *is* wicked—as Mr. Pirandello might have said if I hadn't said it first.

It all Depends

OF course, casinos are very wicked places—if you happen to lose. I have, myself, cursed them heartily during the past fortnight. But, on the other hand, I have also considered them very excellent and well-conducted places of entertainment—also during the past fortnight. For, strange as it may seem, I have won a franc or two now and then.

Legitimate Grievances

FOR the rest, I do really sympathise with those of my correspondents who appear to have legitimate grievances. With Mr. A., who was not allowed to bathe after six o'clock in the evening; with Mr. B., who was most gallantly rescued against his will when indulging in surf-bathing; and with Mr. C., who had the police on his track because he hung his bathing costume out of his bedroom window.

Against the Law

IT is an actual fact that you may not hang your bathing costume out of the window of your hotel if you are staying in Dieppe. This is a police regulation, and the more difficult to understand after a visit to Le Touquet, where they rather pride themselves on the jolly effects secured by this very practice. Still, these are among those lesser phases of officialdom that no fellow can understand.

A Polite Fraud

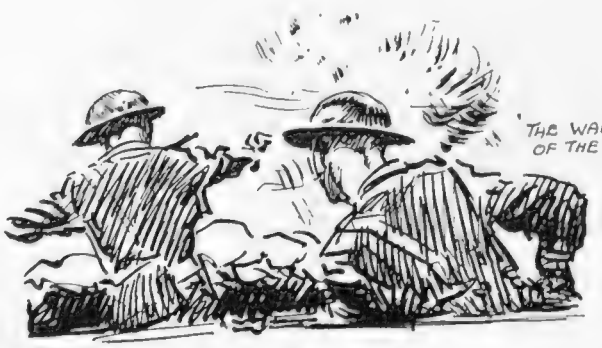
WHAT is the significance of this warning off of racing greyhounds? Does it mean that the dogs are getting wise to the polite fraud that is being played on them, as I suggested might very conceivably happen? Those who argue that certain dogs turn to savaging their competitors through lack of training overlook the fact that the new epidemic has made its appearance rather late in the day. Promoters of meetings are making a lot of easy money, but this is one of the little clouds upon their horizon.

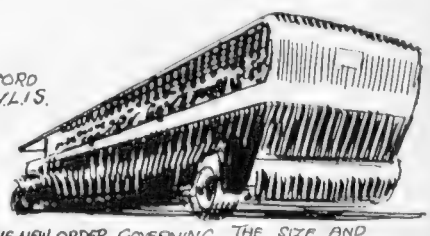
What a Pretty Badge!

THE King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, popularly known as the Koylis, is a proud regiment now that it possesses the Duchess of York as its Colonel-in-Chief. And no one will deny that the Koylis deserve this pleasing distinction. It has been humorously suggested that the choice of the Duchess was influenced by the fact that the Koyli badge is one of the prettiest sported by British officers, but the war record of placing twenty-six battalions in the field is the more likely reason.

Unwieldly Types

THOSE who wish the motor coach well in its competition with the railways will approve the new order governing their size and construction recently issued by the





Ministry of Transport. The smaller coach will be altogether more comfortable and convenient than the later unwieldy types, and no one can fairly suggest that the Ministry has shown undue partiality in the matter.

Opposite Personalities

Two genial, but very opposite personalities have recently figured in the "news." Lord Westmorland has accepted an invitation to join the Greyhound "Jockey Club," and Mark Hambourg has returned safely from South America to play his usual vigorous games of golf and bridge.

Something to Talk About

I should hate to be a golf ball when Mark Hambourg hits it well and truly. Like the Village Blacksmith, he has a chest development to marvel at, and the muscles of his brawny arms are strong as iron bands. Naturally, when he *does* hit, he *does* hit, and when this stirring event happens on the first tee of a strange club the members have something to talk about.

Off Duty

The Earl of Westmorland is one of the most popular features of any racecourse. I like him best when he is off duty, lounging in a sunny corner and bandying pleasantries with all and sundry. What Maurice Chevalier is to the stage, Lord Westmorland is to the sporting world, and as to this greyhound business, he won't stand any nonsense.

Enterprise and Initiative

A man who has held 288 situations in fourteen years is described in cold print as "the world's champion slacker." Think of it! On nearly three hundred occasions he has had the enterprise and initiative to seek and secure a new job! How many quietly industrious souls would be better off if they had got out of the ruts in which they are likely to remain for the rest of their days?

A Little Sunshine

With the advent of "cubbing" and football we may say that summer is over, and that the mild winter weather will soon make its welcome appearance. Fortunately, our tennis lawns and bowling greens are in splendid condition, so that there will be plenty of opportunities to indulge in outdoor recreation when the warm weather arrives. After the rigours of the past two months a little sunshine will come as a welcome relief.

Too Much Talk

A lot of hard things have been said about secret diplomacy, and even the humorist contributed to the discussion by suggesting that if women became diplomatists there would be an end of it. But Geneva has taught us that there was something to be said for secret diplomacy after all. No one can deny that these conversations have created suspicion and feeling that did not previously exist, and once again we find the truth that lurks behind an old and thoroughly hackneyed saying, "Least said, soonest mended."

No Welcome from Me

Soccer fans will look to me for a word of welcome for the opening of the football season, but, truth to tell, I find it very difficult to oblige. There have been times when one has had a surfeit of summer, and when the hardier sports of colder days have come to us as rare and refreshing fruit. But to-day I find myself pining for more tennis, more cricket, more bathing, and all those jolly things that go with summer warmth and sunny weather. I want to see Hobbs add to his list of centuries, and the threatened withdrawal of summertime fills me with dismay.

By David Wilson

ANOTHER COOK'S TOUR!

Super Men

I see that Mr. Stanley Baldwin has been handing a bouquet of outstanding size to the men of the clan Macdonald. Speaking at Charlottetown, on Prince of Wales Island, the Premier came out hot and strong on the side of the braw Scot. "Three hundred Macdonalds," he declared, "are worth three thousand of any other men," a statement which is hardly calculated to arouse any particular enthusiasm in the hearts of Englishmen—to say nothing of the remainder of the clans!

A Grave Risk

It is impossible to foresee what effect this remark will have on the Highlands, but don't be surprised if the Macintoshes, the Macnabs, the Macmillans, and the others rise in their wrath. Every writer who has alluded to "the English" instead of "the British" knows only too well the vials of scorn and reproach that will be poured out on his hapless head. Where such matters of national prestige are concerned the Sassenach must step warily, as the Prime Minister will probably learn shortly. The Pibroch may be heard once again in the hills calling the clans to arms. Whether the might of Scotland will be directed against the clan Macdonald or the house of Baldwin, however, still remains to be seen.

E. A. M'RUVIE

Who won the Boy's Golf Championship at Edinburgh last year. He is an architect by profession

POPULAR PERILS

By "PENDARVES"

Bustlington-on-Sea.

I HAVE been counting them up during these holidays. It is a formidable list. And the odd thing is that most people suffer from them in some form or another. They are quite popular, these seaside perils. Paramountly there looms the shadow of the shark. A nice thing on a cold, sunless morning to open one's paper at breakfast and to read, "A shark, estimated by the fishermen to be 12 feet in length, has been seen haunting the Bustlington Bay during the past week. It has already fouled several of their nets, causing loss of fish. An active look-out is being maintained by the local boatmen inshore, but bathers have been warned. . . . Dr. Finn-Jawe, an official of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, interviewed yesterday, states that the presence of these pirates of the sea are by no means a rare occurrence in the Channel during the month of August. . . ." Your mind hovers round the possibilities of the situation: *what* the local boatmen do in the event of their "active look-out" being rewarded: and what *you* are supposed to do if you see it first? N-o-o: it is *not* a bathing morning: a little tennis instead.

And then there is this matter of the Secretary of the Tennis Club. What does one do about him? You approach him, meekly, at the beginning of the holiday, and ask him if he can fix you up with a game or two? He looks you over slowly and critically, much in the manner of a hated House Master who suspects you have been smoking and says so, and then barks out: "What is your handicap?" This implies that unless you are on the "owe 40" mark it is no good obtruding into *this* club. A pal of mine writes me of his experience last week at a well-known seaside place. He got a tennis "Blue" at Oxford, and is, incidentally, a universally popular man, but very diffident in his manner, and wears the oldest possible clothes, whenever he dares. He, not knowing a soul, asked the local Bugbear if there was any chance of a game if he came along one afternoon, etc. To which this Pestilence, looking him over, said freezingly, "Er—I suppose you have got some *flannels*, haven't you?" This hand of mine aches to give the name of the tennis club, that all who run may read. Fortunately the Blue was equal to the occasion, and replied gravely, "Flannels? N-o-o. I'm afraid I haven't any *flannels*: you see, I always play in evening dress; does it matter awfully, do you think?"

Then there is the Hotel Horror. I have just had some of him. We all have at times, I suppose; and we all behave in the same craven-hearted way about him. If you are *very* wily in a seaside hotel in August you "lay off" for the first day or two and listen. Then you get the Hall Porter by himself, slip him the odd half-crown, and seek specific information about the known habits and customs of the man you have marked down to play a round of golf with. Otherwise—well, his best known form of approach is on the hotel portico during the after-breakfast pipe period, when he opens with: "Mornin': slightly better day to-day: glass fairly steady, too. . . ." Then he says presently, "Care for a game after lunch?" And, all innocent, you say you would "love to."

SKETCHES BY MAC

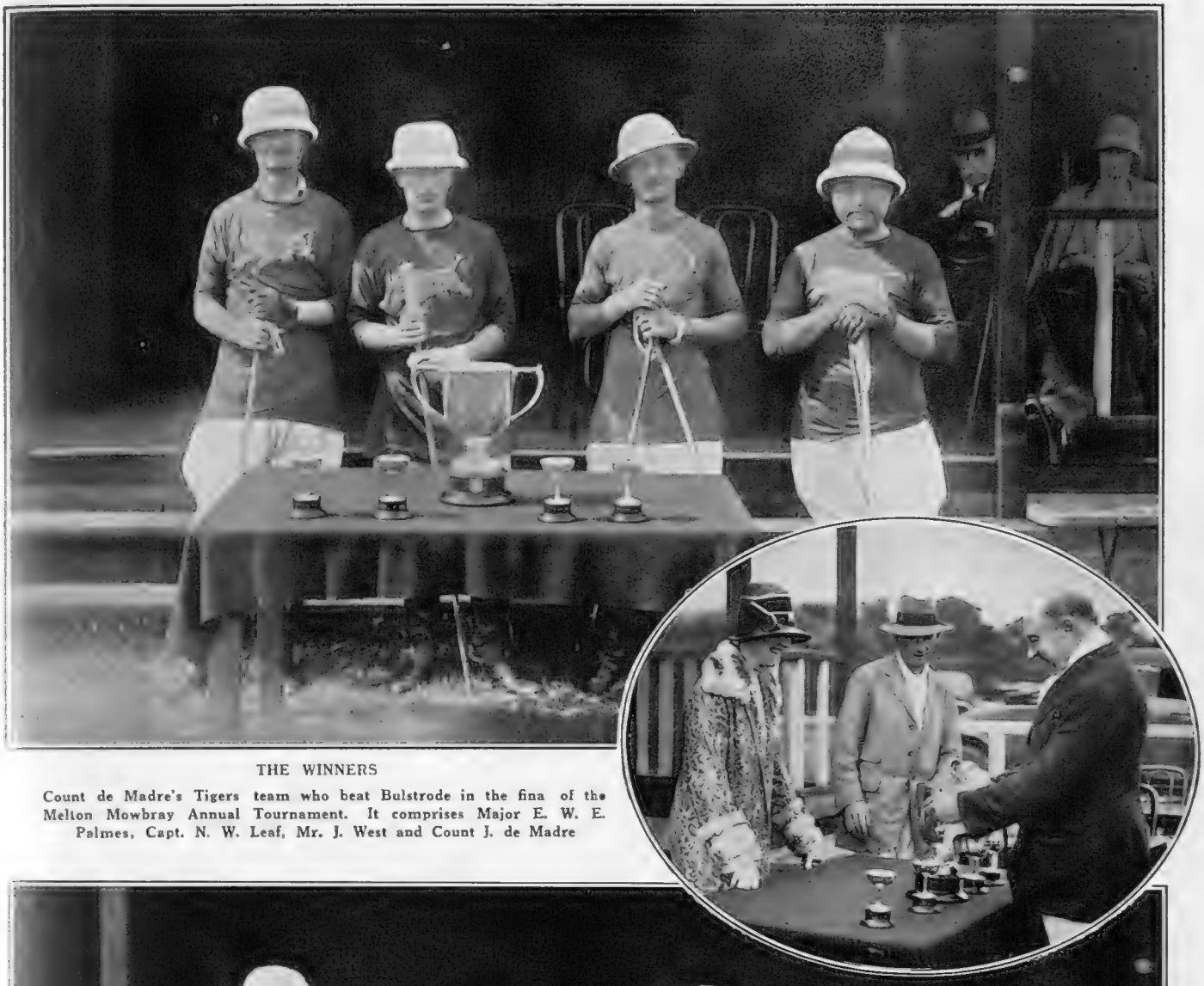
T. A. JACQUES

The big farmer cricketer of Yorkshire, who did well in the last Test Trial. In some respects he is reminiscent of Walter Brearley in his bowling action

I can cope with him during the round, because I have had a lot of his breed on many courses and know what to do. But it is the dreadful *afterwards*. After dinner, for example. You have just reached the chapter in "Dust of Desire" where the Duke of Alfafa is rung up threateningly on the telephone by his shorthand-typist's husband, when the Horror plumps himself down in the next armchair and begins. He will tell you *why* he is so successful in Old Broad Street: how he deals with *his* womenfolk ("No damn nonsense with *me*, m'boy"): how, why and at what length he put in his right and proper place a fish salesman in Exeter one day in 1922—"or was it '23? I can't just be sure, but, anyway" . . . : what he would do with this train service down here if he had *his* way. He remembers once telling one of the Directors. . . . Of course, there is nothing to prevent your saying "Oh, go to ——!" except that it creates discord; and discord in a hotel on a holiday is to be avoided at all costs, by cravens such as we are.

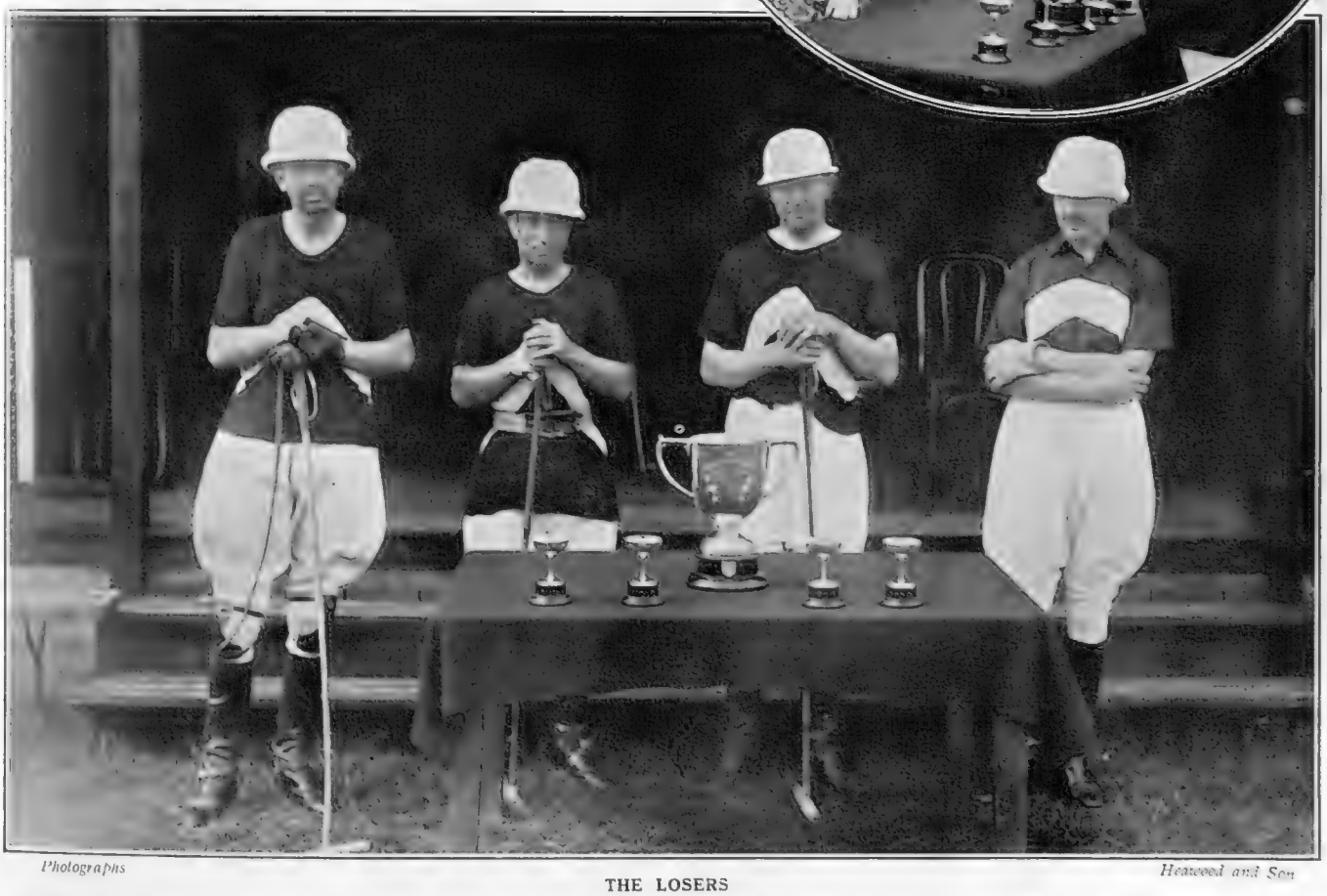
I pointed all this out to a man only yesterday and he replied, "My poor chap, I *never* stay in a hotel at these times. I take rooms." He is even braver than I am. Because there is the LANDLADY. The landlady has several complexes. She cannot under any circumstances allow "bathing dresses" to be hung out of the *front* windows. Why, nobody has ever known, because nobody has ever had the temerity to ask. She "can't have" dogs. She has a couple of cats of her own—both unspeakable animals which stick claws suddenly through your golf stockings when you are having a nap after the second round. She hopes you don't expect "late dinner": this in contradistinction to the "dinner" in the middle of the day. But she can give you a very nice "high" tea. She has acquired (though making a fat thing out of these rooms) a hostile attitude towards the world in general—she doesn't "hold" with things nowadays—and develops the same feeling towards you in particular if you keep the hall light burning after eleven several nights running. No: from the peril of the black alpaca-ed seaside landlady may the Royal Humane Society preserve me!

Polo at Melton Mowbray



THE WINNERS

Count de Madre's Tigers team who beat Bulstrode in the fina of the Melton Mowbray Annual Tournament. It comprises Major E. W. E. Palmes, Capt. N. W. Leaf, Mr. J. West and Count J. de Madre



Photographs *Heaweed and Son*

THE LOSERS

Sir John Ramsden's team who lost to the Tigers, who conceded them 3½ goals, by 8½ goals to 9. The photograph shows Sir John Ramsden Mr. J. St. M. Ramsden, Major H. Colmore and Mr. H. C. Walford. Inset: Count de Madre is seen receiving the cup from Mrs. Watt

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Sketches by "The Tout"

At Stockton

It was pleasant to find the Stockton meeting adequately supported on each of its three days last week, and, on the whole, the racing was well up to the standard of this popular North Country fixture. We were all a shade disappointed to find the King's colt, St. Sylvestre, so decisively beaten in his first outing here, but he did much better on running a second time. In the latter race, however, the company was rather moderate, and it is obvious that the grey colt has no chance of winning the Doncaster St. Leger. It will, in fact, be rather a surprise if he is saddled for that race after his two reverses last week. Heir Apparent, who carried off the Great Northern Leger, had been a consistent performer all through the season, and it was agreeable to see him winning this good race for Ralph Moreton's stable. The Lambourn trainer has not enjoyed the best of luck this season, his chief disappointment having been the breakdown of Bold Archer, who during the winter months was thought to be shaping well for his classic engagement. He was soon found to be a non-stayer, but had he remained sound he would certainly have picked up a race or two for the stable.

Mrs. Chester Beatty's Win

Fields were rather on the small side in some of the chief races at Stockton. I had expected that Royal Falcon, having run so well at Redcar a few days previously, would have been sent on to contest the Stockton Handicap. His failure to appear in that race suggests that he may have been temporarily amiss. Artist Glow credited that keen sportswoman, Mrs. Chester Beatty, with the prize, but this was not until after his backers had been given a great fright by Tillyvally, who was always prominent, and in the end was beaten by an exceedingly narrow margin. One of the surprises of the meeting was the success of Academus in the Durham County Plate. Several better-fancied ones than Mr. Read's colt were in the field, but he had a big pull in the weights and had no difficulty in beating the Redcar winner, Damon.

On the Knavesmire

This week the scene is changed to the Knavesmire. I always regard the summer fixture at York as one of the most agreeable meetings of the whole season. Arrangements here are all that can be desired, and the racing, as a rule, is first class. As usual, the central feature of interest will be the Ebor Handicap on Wednesday. It does not seem probable at the time of writing that Finglass will be sent to carry top weight in this event; in fact, there is talk of the Clarehaven colt going to Deauville. But I believe Mr. Gilpin hopes to train him for the Cesarewitch if he gets a reasonable weight in that race. I am not surprised that Fridoline has been struck out of the Ebor, for she was harshly handicapped for that race in comparison with her weight for the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester next week-end.

A Tip for the Ebor

Seradella has been given plenty to do in the Ebor, but she made a fine show in this race last year, and the course is one which suits her to a nicety. I shall, therefore, expect to see the Beckhampton mare prominently in the fighting line again. Among the Newmarket candidates Still Life is a great tip, while Steel-Point is another expected to give a good account of himself. Capt. Gooch has two in the race, and of them I prefer Incitatus II, in spite of his disappointing display in the Goodwood Stakes. It is a decidedly open Ebor. I make **Seradella** my selection, and take Incitatus II as likely to run into the first three.

A St. Leger Colt

We are promised a glimpse of Hot Night during the meeting. If he wins in good style on Wednesday he will certainly become a strong order for the Doncaster St. Leger. It is at least encouraging to know that Sir Victor Sassoon's colt shaped remarkably well when Harry Wragg rode him in a mile and a half gallop last week. Hot Night is described as carrying more substance than he did in the early summer, and if his trainer can keep him up to concert pitch he will probably be Book Law's most formidable rival in the last of the classic races. The Manton filly, by the way, was struck out of the Yorkshire Oaks this week, being in reserve for the St. Leger. Favourable reports about her come from Manton, and Lord Astor is now hopeful that she will prove his first winner in the Doncaster classic.

The Gimcrack

One of the most entertaining features of the week will be the two-year-old events. I am looking forward to seeing Black Watch again. This colt made a great impression when he scored at Goodwood, and the chances are that he will carry his penalty successfully in the Gimcrack Stakes on Thursday. **Black Watch** should win. In his absence Toboggan may give Lord Derby the pleasure of again being the guest of the Gimcrack Club at their annual dinner at the end of the season.

The Personal Note as Registered at Whitby

MISS RUTH WITH LADY AND MOLLY

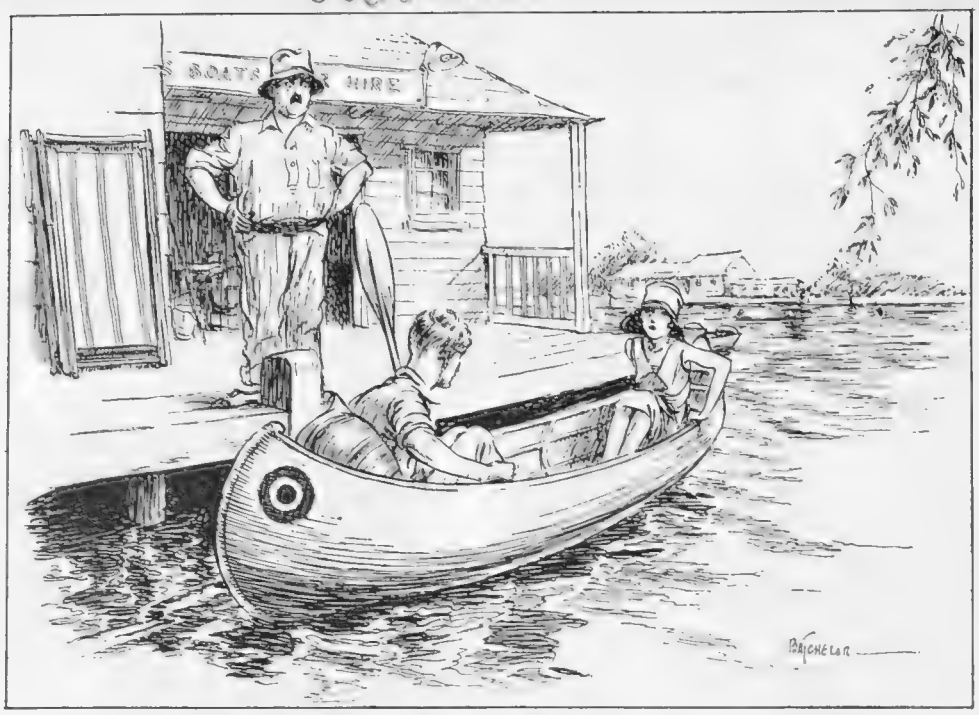
Photographs

MISS BETTY BEANLAND WITH HER PONY BROWNIE

British Illus.

MAJOR E. Y. BROOKBANK, J.P., AND HIS SON WILLIAM

The Whitby Horse and Agricultural Show is one of the most prominent of those which are held in the North. This year a large army of spectators and competitors, some of whom are seen above, assembled to assure the success of this popular Yorkshire function



By Batchelor

"AND ALL I ASK IS A TALL SHIP"

"I don't much like the idea of sitting on the floor, George. Can't we get a couple of deck chairs?"

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

It is a common sight to see, early in the morning, certain gay young sparks helping to dig up Piccadilly. Apparently, it is not considered undignified to be *infra dig.*

. . .

Earl Beatty, who wears his hat at such a becoming tilt, is said to have invented the "rakish angle." Surely Euclid should have the credit.

. . .

"Isn't Jones rather a rabbit at tennis?"

"Well, I should certainly put him in the lettuce-eating class."

. . .

A correspondent writes to point out that Othello was primarily responsible for the line in the Froth Blowers' anthem, "The Moor we are together."

. . .

It is as well to remember that those ex-convicts who publish their reminiscences at least have the courage of their convictions!

. . .

Too much motoring is said to be a cause of deafness. If that is so, doctors will soon be treating people for Dunlop-ears.

"Now then, you young rascal," exclaimed the irate farmer, "what are you doing up that apple tree?"

"Please, sir," stammered the culprit, "I'm only gathering windfalls!"

. . . . .

"Hullo," remarked one friend to another in a restaurant, "what did you blow in for?"

"A blow-out!"

By Alfred Leete

THE VILLAGE IN

Stage Silhouettes
(Mr. Herman Darewski)

A health to you, Mr. Darewski,
With your marches, and fox-trots, and Blewski;
I can quite understand
That you're "beating the band,"
For not many conduct it like yewski!

. . .

It is doubtful whether the latest dance will be as popular as was anticipated. Perhaps it will be just another case of Yale, and farewell!

. . .

A giant vegetable has been cultivated in a suburban garden. When cutting it, its proud owner is said to have been thrilled to the marrow.

. . .

A new play, entitled *Love at Second Sight,* has just been produced. Surely *Astigmatism* would have been a snappier title.

. . .

Herr Strauss, the famous composer, is stated to have invented a new wind instrument. He is now living up to the saying, Strauss show which way the wind is blowing.

. . . . .

Two "ladies" in the Strand recently indulged in a bout of fisticuffs. It looks as though they were at (Charing) Cross purposes.

. . .

"Should Prisoners Enjoy a Better Diet?" is the headline in a contemporary. It reminds us that we are in the middle of the skilly season.

. . .

"Speak up, my boy, I can't understand a word you say."

"Then, father, we must agree to deafer."

. . .

In an advertisement column:—For sale, a fine, full-grown Bengal tiger, used to be very fond of children." Wow!

. . .

During the recent bad weather it has been a melancholy sight to see one damp thing after another on our seaside promenades.

. . .

"I don't mind how close you cut my hair," remarked the farmer to his barber. "What I want is a bumper crop."

A Crystal Set-To

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A somewhat startling wireless development witnessed on Hampstead Heath during the broadcasting of an interesting dance programme

Lenare

BREAKFAST FOR TWO

Harvey Townsend (A. E. Matthews) proves an able consoler to the unappreciated wife, Dot Rendell (Madge Titheradge). She is answerable for some awkward questions in the last Act

Produced June 21, 1927

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a rather daring play, which fact, I suppose, accounts for its great success in London. It will probably enjoy a still greater success in America, where situations of the kind seem to have their special culture. It is based on the disastrous hypothesis that until a married woman has had sinful overtures made to her by one of her husband's male friends she must regard herself as a rather inferior representative of her sex. Thus we have Mrs. Dot Rendell, a quiet little woman, who has the seemingly derogatory reputation of being "as straight as a die," while her husband is Happy because he is convinced that no other man is ever likely to want to take her from him. This conclusion is regarded by Dot as a left-handed compliment, implying that she is entirely lacking in the charm necessary to attract the professional seducer on the warpath.

ON the other hand, there is Mrs. Consuelo Pratt, the wife of a verbose American, who has all the appearance of a Vampire at large. She is a tall, dark-haired woman of great beauty, and she has the further quality of having Spanish blood in her veins. And we have learned from the romancers that this kind of woman is not to be trusted in the dark if there is a likely man about. The scene of the play is the week-end cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Tollhurst, where, among others, Dot and Consuelo are guests. Mr. Harvey Townsend, another of the guests, is a philanderer by nature. He is careful to explain that it is a gift with which he has been unhappily endowed, and which, as the French say, is stronger than himself. And he, being what he is, and Mrs. Consuelo Pratt, appearing to be what he takes her for, it is only natural that Harvey should regard her as a potential conquest.

WE are given to understand that a feature of the week-end house is the South Room, which has the added advantage of being an upstairs bedroom. It seems that from the windows of this room a comprehensive view can be obtained of the beauty of the surrounding country; and quite early in the evening we find Harvey inviting Mrs. Consuelo to accompany him to the South Room, partly with the view of surveying the landscape and partly in the hope that the impelling environment of the dainty furniture will do the rest. It happens, however, that Mrs. Consuelo, while having all the alluring appearance of a professional man-killer, is not that kind of person at all; and she tells Harvey quite frankly that he is sadly wasting his time in his misguided attempt to lure her from the path of connubial fidelity. Harvey says he is really very much obliged to her for her business-like statement of the case. He had been compelled for the sake of his self-respect, as you might say, to make love to the most attractive lady among the guests in the house, but since it is now clear that there will be nothing doing, he will pass on and try to sip honey from one of the less unyielding flowers of the field.

WE thus get back to Mrs. Dot Rendell, who is really tired of being so constantly reminded that she is too good to be alluring. By way of escaping temporarily from the implied suggestion of her inferiority, Dot indulges in one or two cocktails with a kick in them, and, as a consequence, she gets a little jerky in her speech, and very lax in her morals. When Mr. Harvey meets her in the Lounge Hall in what you might call a liquid state, he naturally concludes that this will be an easy one. Dot is a good deal upset because it is the ninth anniversary of her wedding-day, and her husband has not said a word about it. He just packs her off to bed, while he adjourns to the card-room for a hand at Bridge. And now Harvey has turned up as the gentle consoler, and what with her domestic trouble and the hot and rebellious liquors she has been applying to her blood, to quote the Bard, Dot responds to his advances quite eagerly, and folds her arms about his neck in token of surrender. She then trots off to the South

arrived to help him. There is, however, a slight complication arising from this simple and homely incident. While the burglar had got Harvey down, someone rang a bell from the South Room for help, and as all the other men in the house were accounted for in the card-room, there must have been a lady in the case.

Nobody doubts in the least that the bell-ringer was Consuelo, because she has all the dashing appearance of a lady who makes a habit of romantic misconduct. Mr. Frank K. Pratt, her husband, who has already divorced one wife, and is therefore by way of being an expert on the subject, takes it for granted that the lady in the South Room was his wife, and submits Harvey to such a severe cross-examination that there is very fair prospect of an untidy fight. Finally, Dot, with the nice British spirit that cannot permit her to let somebody else be blamed for her fault, announces to the company that it was she who was in the South Room with Harvey Townsend. Her confession is met by a general laugh of derision, while her husband laughs louder than them all. The idea that any man could want Dot to that extent strikes him as being the very height of absurdity.

But if it wasn't Dot, who was it? All the other men begin to eye their womenfolk suspiciously, and there are pertinent enquiries as to the precise whereabouts of each lady when the bell was rung from the South Room. In my more Peck-sniffian moods I should be inclined to

regard this situation as a deplorable revelation of the state of public morals; but of course it is not really so bad as that. In any case, it becomes quite funny at the last. Mr. A. E. Matthews as the predestined squire of dames, Harvey Townsend, is delightfully humorous in his quiet way; while Miss Madge Titheradge gives a most spirited performance as the offending Dot. Mr. Charles Laughton as the aggressive American husband who wants to tell the world mostly what it already knows, is loudly applauded for his extremely able rendering of the amusing character; and Miss Stella Arbenina has the distinct advantage of looking the part of the majestically beautiful Consuelo. It is all very amusing—and very improper.

Jingle.

R[illegible] while he follows at [illegible] double. On thi[illegible] the curtain falls, an[illegible] r the moment th[illegible] plause is very fitt[illegible] if the audience w[illegible] t sure that they ou[illegible] ublicly to approve of [illegible] viour of this sort.

T[illegible] next Act opens [illegible] hour later. A pol[illegible] rglar creeps into th[illegible] rkened Lounge H[illegible] l makes his way up[illegible] to the South Room. Immediately ther[illegible] sound of revelry by night, to quote anot[illegible] Bard, and, disturbed by the noise, the [illegible]-players dash upstairs, and soon return[illegible] with the burglar firmly grasped betw[illegible] them. The hero of the moment is H[illegible]y Townsend, who grappled with the [illegible]r single-handed before his friends

"WHAT! YOU DON'T SAY SO?" *Lenare*

"Sosso" Stephens (Eric Cowley) hears a tit-bit of scandal from Sylvia Fullerton (Ann Trevor). Scandal and secrecy are the chief ingredients of this play

"We Have a Song to Sing, O!"

Stage Photo Co.

Ko-Ko (Henry A. Lytton) asks Katisha (Bertha Lewis) if she is sufficiently decayed. "The Mikado," from which the scene is taken, now feels quite at home in its new setting and dresses

A. C. Cooper

Aileen Davies, the "Tessa" of "The Gondoliers"

W. S. Campbell

Sir Despard Murgatroyd (Leo Sheffield), the Wicked Baronet in "Ruddigore," exhorts the bridesmaids to eschew a life of crime

(Inset) Winifred Lawson as Elsie Maynard in "The Yeomen of the Guard"

Worshippers at the shrine of Gilbert and Sullivan will welcome the visit of the perennially youthful operas to the London district. At present they are at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, and are due at the Wimbledon Theatre for a fortnight from September 5 and at the Hippodrome, Golders Green, for a similar period from September 19

PARISIANA

By "RENÉ"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"Had a *petite amie* who commanded that their holidays should include a *tour de France*"

MES AMIS—

WHEN, last year, one recorded the promises of M. André Tardieu that the roads of France were about to be remade, and that right well and quickly, it was, it must be admitted, with some misgivings, as a long acquaintance with the promises of politicians has brought the knowledge that nothing qualifies less for the unbreakable class than such promises. Thus does one find all the more satisfaction in recognising that M. Tardieu had been wronged in advance by such suspicions. M. Tardieu, who is the Minister for Public Works, is the right thing in road-menders. If he has not yet repaired all those routes which stand in deep and holey need, he has restored virtually all of those that I use, and one can scarcely ask for more than that, can one?

I HAVE just been taking an experimental spin along the road to Caen, city of conquering warriors and even more conquering cheeses, preliminary to a tour farther west, and if there is a better two hundred kilometres of running surface anywhere I have no desire to know it. This is quite good enough for me. One seems to be standing still while the apple orchards glide past, and you feel you could run a forty horse-power car on the hair-springs of a watch without danger of a breakage. As public works go, nothing could be a better testimonial to a Minister. When motorists kneel at their bedside nightly it should be to pray that M. Tardieu might keep his job for life.

NORMANDY, *en passant*, is no supporter of the theory that a prophet hath honour save in his own country. In the opinion of the natives the "good" of Normandy is better than the "excellent" of other provinces or countries. Normands can give a few points to Americans in the matter of publicity. Is there any resort, for example, which is better advertised than Deauville? And what applies to the towns also operates in the villages. Consider the verdict of Cambremer upon Beethoven. Cambremer had learned that the centenary of Beethoven had been celebrated at the Sorbonne, and the elders of the village gathered under the presidency of the *maire* to ruminate over what should be done about it.

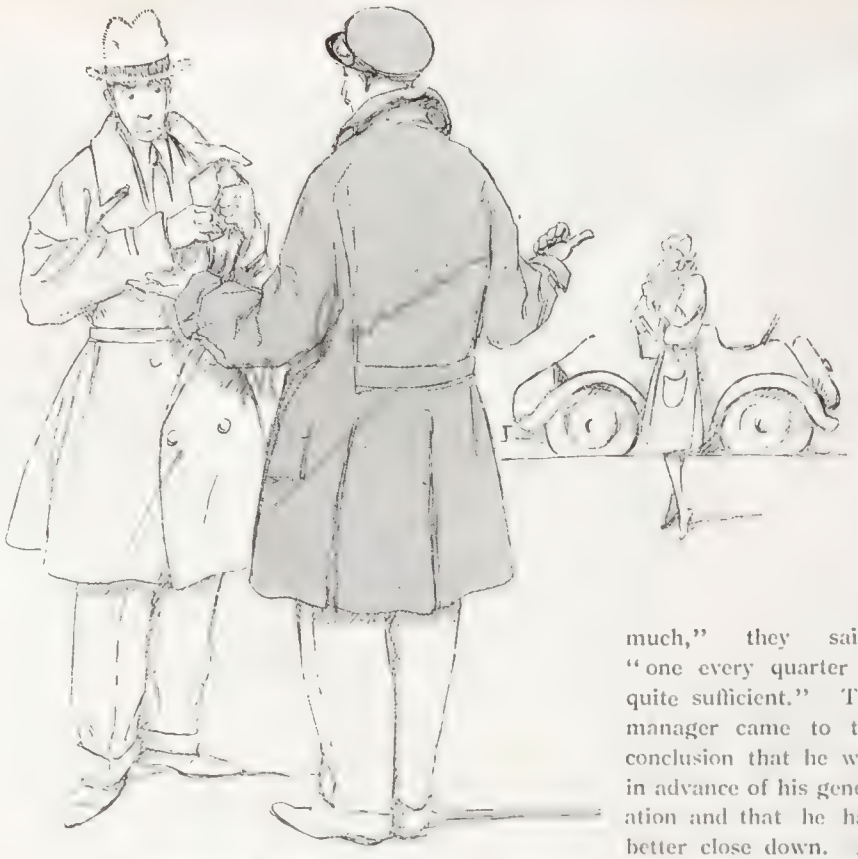
"A bath a month is too much"

SPAKE the *maire*, "Beethoven certainly composed some beautiful stuff, but I am convinced that if he had known our Normandy he would have done much better things, especially if he had been able to gain the favour of obtaining the collaboration of the very devoted and talented *chef de la Fanfare de* Cambremer, composer likewise in his leisure hours." Unanimous approbation from the villagers, who know that the *maire* does not speak lightly about the arts; and from me, the only non-native onlooker, a mental undertaking to inform all prospective rivals of Beethoven of an easy road to supremacy by going down to Cambremer and soliciting the collaboration of the *chef de la Fanfare*.

I SUPPOSE that if there is one person of serious purpose in Paris it is M. François Coty. M. Coty makes the wonderful perfumes that carry the name of the Rue de la Paix all over the world, and he

is unquestionably a very able business man. But the building up of a fortune of millions tempted him to go in for journalism by the purchase of the elegant *Figaro,* and M. Coty desired to be taken as seriously in his journalism as in his salesmanship of scents, and to this Paris refused to accede. M. Coty has had no luck in his journalism. The long articles which bore his name were so well written that it was alleged they must have been done by someone else. It is always a mistake for a wealthy amateur to do too well.

But it was perhaps an even greater mistake when M. Coty went in for what we should call "stunts." He offered no fewer than one hundred millions to help the franc, but attached conditions that made it appear most unlikely that the hundred millions would "materialise." Then he offered a million to enable French athletes to participate in the Olympic Games, but said he would want it back when Parliament voted the suspended credits. There can be no hope now that M. Coty will ever be regarded seriously as a journalist, but he has qualified for first place as a favourite of the *revue* writers.



"You will have the élégance to take over the *voiture*"

It had been thought that baths were becoming not only fashionable, but popular in France. All the folk who take a new house or a new flat demand that it should contain a *salle de bains.* But the wave of favour has not yet spread to Bedarieux. Bedarieux is near Montpellier and Cette, each of which has its *plage.* Determined not to be outrivalled, Bedarieux decided to have its *établissement de bains,* a charming place with shady gardens and art pottery. A local *animateur* with plenty of friends was appointed manager, and imagined he was on an easy road to success when he thought of the "contract" system, each wealthy inhabitant subscribing for one bath per week. But it was with the utmost difficulty that he gathered three dozen subscribers for twelve baths per annum. And after a little while most of these asked for the refunding of two-thirds of their subscriptions. "A bath a month is too much," they said; "one every quarter is quite sufficient." The manager came to the conclusion that he was in advance of his generation and that he had better close down. As he knows a little English he wrote his farewell announcement, "Bedarieux *sans bains.*"

A new version of the "eternal triangle" has brought considerable amusement to Paris. A Paris lawyer had a *petite amie* who commanded that their holidays should include a *tour de France.* Such a *randonnée* could only be properly accomplished in a car, so the *avocat* purchased one of the new three-seater models, at present the most popular.

"We must not waste the third seat," said the *petite amie,* so invite one of your *copains.*" After some dispute there was agreement on a young doctor. For some days everything was ideal. Then the lawyer became suspicious and, by the time Biarritz was reached, doubt had become impossible for him. The young *avocat* is *bien moderne* and very frank. "As my *petite amie* pleases you," he said to the doctor, "I abandon her to you. But as it was for her I bought the car I presume you will have the *élégance* to take over the *voiture* as well. This did not appeal to the doctor as much, but he could not refuse and paid up at once. Then the lawyer struck his blow of *revanche.* "I can't bear railway travelling," he remarked, "so you won't mind letting me occupy the spare place in the car to terminate the excursion!" René.

"Our Normandie"

Macnamara

BY BRUNELLESCHI

RHAPSODY

KNIGHTS IN

Francis & Mills

BY JACK GORINGE

HTS IN AMOUR

W. A. Rouch

No. 6.—COLONEL C. W. SOFER WHITBURN'S ADAM'S APPLE (Bay Colt by Pommern—Mount Whistle), (Jack Leach up).
Trainer, Mr. H. L. COTTRILL, Seven Barrows, Lambourn

He unexpectedly won the Two Thousand Guineas, value £10,915, beating Call Boy by a short head, but his subsequent performances have been disappointing

"What religion?" he purred.

A POINT OF VIEW

By KENNETH JAMES *Illustration by W. E. WIGHTMAN*

"RELIGION?" Rayner spoke scornfully. "To hell with religion! It's nothing but a form of objective belief based on a fabric of worn-out superstition, a broad back for the weak man to shovel his troubles on to."

In his vehemence he had sat upright in his chair; he leaned back now and relit his pipe with an air of defiance, conscious of having attacked something which was very precious to Tarleton. The two men formed a curious contrast. Rayner, a soldier and carrying on the tradition of a long line of soldiers, looked nothing else. Tarleton, an Irishman of the infrequent placid sort, had been in training for the Catholic priesthood at Maynooth when the maëlstrom of war had caught him, to land him after a varied experience of wars on different fronts in Burma, where he had drifted into the Political Service. The solitude, so irksome to others, had proved balm to the spiritual soul of the man, and he stayed, the marvellous scenery of the hill tracts and the interesting individuality of the people a more than adequate compensation for the long periods during which he was cut off from civilisation. He and Rayner were the only white men in the outpost, the only white men, in fact, within a radius of two hundred miles with the exception of the priests and nuns of the Catholic Mission twenty miles away. Rayner's diatribe against religion had arisen out of a discussion about solitude and the ways to meet it. Tarleton had advocated religion as a panacea. For a few minutes after Rayner's outburst neither broke the silence, and Rayner was beginning to think he had seriously offended the other when Tarleton spoke.

"I wonder *why* you're so against religion, Bill. There must be a reason for it."

Rayner laughed harshly.

"Those who don't ask questions ——," he commenced, to break off, suddenly penitent.

"Sorry, Tarleton, I'm being thoroughly unpleasant to-night. In any case, there's *no* reason for it. I've just never had any time for religion. I believe in the 'Captain of your Soul' idea, and how a man can do that and at the same time push his woes on to a supposed Superior Being defeats me."

Tarleton smiled placidly as he packed tobacco into his pipe with a stubby forefinger.

"That's a new point of view to me," he mused. "Subjective faith or objective, I suppose they're equal if they achieve equal results ultimately. But, man dear, to me having no belief's a terrible thing."

Rayner's lip curled scornfully. "I think ——" he began, when a rap at the door brought them both to their feet.

"Father Beausire, by gad! Come in, come in."

In answer to Tarleton's invitation there entered one of the priests of the Mission, a tall Frenchman, with an ascetic face relieved from solemnity by remarkably merry blue eyes.

"Well, Padre," Rayner greeted, "thought this was out of your beat?"

"I have a village here—Christians," the good man smiled at him. "But oh, such villains. They steal, all the time. *How* they steal!"

He raised his hands above his head to indicate the enormity of their offences.

"Whisky, father?" Tarleton hovered the decanter invitingly.

"Thanks, thanks, enough."

"And now, what news?"

Father Beausire's face was grave as he recounted the news. Relations of his converts from across the Chinese border had come in that day and they bore a dreadful tale of pillage and slaughter. Even the missions had not escaped. An entire American Mission, among them several women, had been wiped out and the Chinese troops, to misname the armed rabble responsible for the outrages, had announced their intention of carrying their depredations into Mong Ya State. The good priest was woefully

perturbed at the thought of such an influx. More, he added, the Chinese had heard that the British garrison was a small one, only two hundred men and, moreover, not well trained. Rayner sprang to his feet.

"Not well trained?" he almost shouted. "Damn their souls! Sorry, Padre, but we hadn't a third-class shot this year, and when our Lewis guns get on to them—in any case two hundred Gurkhas are a match for a couple of thousand mangy Chinks — not well trained."

He subsided into inaudible mumblings, while Tarleton chuckled throatily at his discomfiture. The priest, who had been more than a little startled by Rayner's outburst, resumed his story. A curious feature of the advancing horde in their dealings with the Christian missions was their attempts at proselytizing. At each Mission, report said, every person had been given the chance to recant, and to recant meant life. So far, Father Beausire continued, there had been only three cases of backsliding, all among recent native converts, the others had died proclaiming their faith to a man. Rayner had been shifting uneasily as the conversation swung round again to religion, and at the priest's last words an audible and emphatic "The damn fools!" burst from him. The priest, however, was sunk in reverie after his account of dreadful happenings, and Rayner escaped with a protesting glance from Tarleton.

Shortly after, Father Beausire rose to go, Rayner with him. Arrived at his bungalow, Rayner paused for a few minutes before the open window of his bedroom. It was a sight calculated to shake the heart of a man and bring "tears to the throat." In the moonlight the serried masses of pine-clad hills stretched majestically away into the blurred distance. Little spirals of mist settled here and there on the summit. Utter silence reigned.

Rayner turned impatiently away from the window.

"Religion," he sneered. "Bilge."

Conscious of a slight headache, Rayner mentally anathematised Tarleton's whisky as he shaved next morning. From the open window he saw Tarleton threading his way through a trio of boisterous terriers and marvelled at his earliness.

"Morning, Tarleton," he shouted. "This is a new departure. Been hearing Mass, I suppose. Good little boy, heaven and a harp for you."

The other acknowledged the badinage with a wave.

"Come down quick—urgent," he called back.

Rayner descended to find Tarleton poring gravely over a yellow form.

"It's come," he said in answer to Rayner's quick look of enquiry. "That rabble Father Beausire spoke about last night have crossed into our territory and are reported to be making for Keng Ha Mission station. What's the quickest we can get out in?"

Rayner's forehead knit with quick thought.

"Four days' march, infantry can do it in two forced marches. If you and I go out with mounted infantry we should get there to-morrow morning. Can do? The infantry will follow up."

Tarleton nodded.

"That'll do splendidly. In about an hour?"

"About an hour," Rayner agreed and added, "More religion, what! Enlightenment for the bally heathen and any amount of trouble for us. To hell with all Missions!"

It still wanted ten minutes to the hour when the little party of thirty mounted infantry, with Rayner and Tarleton at their head, meandered through a gap in the hills to begin the long descent to the plains which stretched away towards the Chinese border. Rayner's sketchy breakfast had reacted on his temper, and to Tarleton's discomfort he enlivened the first hour of the journey with a comprehensive denouncement of missions and all their works.

"How many of 'em, Tarleton?" he asked, suddenly tiring of his theme.

"They say three thousand; divide that by three and you have it," was Tarleton's reply, born of a knowledge of frontier scares.

"A thousand *hommes!*" Rayner chuckled and looked back at his own tiny force. "Dammit, they might even decide to wait and scrap."

The sun was high next morning as the little force debouched from the jungle into the plain which sheltered the Keng Ha Mission. A staccato "Hell!" from Rayner roused Tarleton from the somnolence the long ride had induced. Rayner pointed to the thick columns of smoke which rose from the blackened heap which had been the Mission station. His face was savage.

"We're late, damn it, Tarleton, too late!"

A quick order and he had galloped off with a few men. The devastation was complete. Nothing remained of the Mission except a few massive baulks of teak which still smouldered sullenly. With eyes questioning what they dared not utter the two men picked their way among the ruins. It was Rayner who first found them, a line of posts with a pathetic, drooping figure attached to each. Before one of the figures Rayner mouthed impotently, his hands clenched till the knuckles stood out like ivory, great veins pulsing on his forehead.

"It's Sister Josephine, Tarleton," his voice was harsh with horror. "She nursed me through that bout of typhoid; the god-damned swine! Come on, there's no time to lose. We'll catch them yet."

Tarleton lingered a moment. He fancied he understood. They had been shot—shot as the others had been, for refusing to recant. He explained this to Rayner to be met with a savage—

"What the blazes does it matter *why* they were shot? Those swine murdered them. That's all that matters."

A further comment of Tarleton's drew an abrupt "Go to hell!" from Rayner, and the other man, watching him, covertly marvelled. Rayner's lips moved unceasingly with muttered curses, his fingers coiled and uncoiled restlessly on his reins, and at intervals the set, white face lit up with an unholy joy as he spurred on his weary pony. Once only he broke the silence to jerk out,

"God, it was awful, wasn't it? And she nursed me too—pulled me through. Hell!"

They had ridden hard for two hours before a signal from the scout ahead brought them to a sudden check. The scout grinned happily as he made his report. The Chinamen had camped and no sentries appeared to be out. There were over five hundred, he thought.

"Good enough," Rayner muttered, and again Tarleton marvelled at the wild, almost inhuman savagery in his eyes.

"We're going to charge 'em, Tarleton, my boy," his voice was casually conversational. "Of course, it's suicide and all that, but we're only three hours from the border and before our reinforcements get up they'll be across. As it is, we'll get *some* of 'em."

He turned to his men and explained in a few quick sentences what he proposed to do. Followed a puzzled silence among them, till a Gurkha non-commissioned officer perplexedly put the halting question:

"We charge them, Sahib, thirty of us?"

"Yes." The uncompromising monosyllable was snapped back at him.

The Havildar's face cleared as if by magic.

"It is good. We understand now. Many Chinamen will die to-day, but"—he sank his voice a little—"who will water our horses to-morrow?"

A chuckle ran round the ranks at the grim joke, to be hushed by a savage order from Rayner. He had by now silenced Tarleton's protests at the madness of the venture, and the little party crept forward, taking advantage of such cover as there was. A shot and a yell from a Chinaman opened the ball, and with a savage shout the Gurkhas burst

VERY CLOSE FRIENDS

Mabel Kobey

A charming photograph of Miss Elsa Macfarlane with Tim, whose bearing before the camera is exemplary. Miss Macfarlane, who in private life is Mrs. Clifford Whitley, is playing the lead in "Blue Skies," the Vaudeville's very successful little cabaret-revue, which is one of the very few attractive features of a summer whose skies seem to be uniformly grey

to the camp. Tarleton, carried on with the wild onrush, felt the shock of impact as the Gurkhas flung themselves on the mass of Chinamen, knew a grim savage joy of bayoneting a man before he collapsed under a blunt sword wielded by a burly Yunnanese. With blood-flecked eyes he lay helplessly watching the eager "worry worry" of the Gurkhas, the berserk madness of Rayner as he ploughed his way through the fight, a Chinaman falling to every savage crash of his clubbed rifle. The little band was reduced to ten men now. Wild shouting heralded the arrival of more Chinamen, and Tarleton, with fast-ebbing senses, saw the last stand of the gallant remnant, saw them sink beneath a rush to come up again, fewer, but still fighting fiercely, till the final wave submerged them.

He recovered consciousness to find that he had been securely tied to a bamboo post. Opposite him, a few yards away, was Rayner, similarly trussed.

"Thought you were dead," was his greeting. "Some scrap, wasn't it? We must have bottled up at least a hundred of them—a good return for poor little Sister Josephine. Why have they kept us, do you think?"

With recent memories of the dead nuns at Keng Ha Tarleton had no illusions as to the future.

"We're being kept for the question, I fancy. Ah, I thought so. Here comes the big noise. As an atheist you ought to be all right."

Rayner looked thoughtful.

A young Chinaman, obviously one of the new school, had come quietly up to them, accompanied by a burly rifleman. His bland, baby face looked particularly innocuous as he smiled down at Tarleton, and his English was surprisingly good.

"What religion?" he asked. "If you say not Christian, we won't kill."

Tarleton smiled back. "I'm a Catholic."

"Same like Christian?" A shade of menace had now crept into the even tones.

"Same like Christian," the other agreed.

An imperceptible sign to the rifleman, a sharp report, and Tarleton jerked forward, a crimson stain spreading rapidly over his white shirt. The diabolical cold-bloodedness of it made Rayner catch his breath sharply. The Chinaman, imperturbable, was leaning over him.

"What religion?" he purred.

Rayner thought quickly. He was sincere in his unbelief. Religion had never meant anything to him, but—he remembered the haunting face of Sister Josephine—and Tarleton. Tarleton had died for this stupid thing called religion. He couldn't let them down.

"What religion?" The purr was more insistent now.

Leaning forward, Rayner spat into the blandly smiling face.

"A Christian, damn you!" he snarled.

K. J.

"The Glorious Twelfth" and After:

AFTER LUNCH *Topical*

Members of Lord Weir's shooting party take a breather after lunch on the moors above Eaglesam, Renfrewshire. The group includes Mr. George Houston, Capt. Keatley, Mr. J. R. Richmond, the Hon. Kenneth Weir, Mrs. Kenyon Joyce, Mr. Parker, of Fairlie, Lord Weir, Mrs. J. W. Weir, Sir Maurice Bonham-Carter and Col. Kenyon Joyce

Sport and Genera

FOLLOWING THE GUNS

Princess Mary and Lady Noreen Bass who were guests of Lord Lonsdale

MOVING UP *Sport and General*

Lord Illingworth and Lt.-Col. Stanyforth riding up to the butts. Lord Illingworth's party shot over Ramsgill Moor in the West Riding of Yorkshire

Sport and General

WAITING FOR THEM

Brig.-General Sir William Bromley-Davenport waits for the birds to come over. He was a member of Lord Illingworth's party

Sport and General

ON SHAP FELL

Lord Lascelles with Lord Ellesmere look forward to a good shoot. Their host was Lord Lonsdale

With the Guns on Moor and Fell

ROYALTY AT THE SHOOT *Photopress*

His Majesty with the Duke of Devonshire on the way to the butts on the Hazlewood Moors, where some excellent sport was enjoyed. The King was the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Bolton Abbey

Sport and General

LORD BOLTON

Some of the members of Captain A. K. Charlesworth's shooting party.

Sport and General

LADY SERENA JAMES AND THE HON. ROBERT JAMES

The shoot was over Grinton Moors, near Reeth in Yorkshire

Photopress

WITH THE GUNS IN BONNIE SCOTLAND

Admiral P. Tillard (left), Sir Arthur Grant, Mr. Charles Barclay-Harvey, M.P., Capt. R. Dalrymple, Mr. Bruce Monie, Capt. M. B. Heywood and Major Shirley. The photograph was taken during the shoot given by Mr. Barclay-Harvey over the Dinnet Moors in Aberdeenshire

BY STAN TERRY

ANOTHER "TURF" SCANDAL

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA

Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI

"Where are to be found more moving-stars to the sq. in. than any other spot in the globe . . ."

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,

I ARE now about to (by special requestings) depict you 1 of the most thrillish, epochal and parallelless scoopings which, I cannot hesitate to doubt, has ever been invented in the history of journalistics. Saidly scooping has caused me enormous expenses from my privy pocket, which I do not suppose I shall ever be recompensed for. Moreoverly, I wager to bet at 10 to 1, that not any other authentic *literati* could have succeeded to disengorge these so amazing, stupendous and horrific revelations which cannot but non-dubitably cause the entire globe to stagger with surprise at, also tear the scales from the eyes of 100s of 1,000s of persons, masc and femn, who have hithertoly resided in only a fool's paradise.

But I imbeg same to kindly not run away to suppose that these exposings have been secured at the price of only beers and skittles, but enormously to the contrary. Indeedly, it are a very modest exaggerations to say that, more likely as not, I shall henceforthly carry my life in my hands because of the so terrible jealousies, envies and hates which these shattering *dénouements* will impart in the chasteless bosoms of innumerous persons who hate truths and live only to accrue dividends and suchly criminal profits. But, as the 10s of millions of admirers are more than aware, my so brilliant and scintlling pen are not to be spiked by the threatings, blackmails and other poisoned darts of debased and conscienceless contemporaries who seek to only feather their own pockets, instead of striving to perform good and theological deeds.

Before plunging my pen into these so appallish disclosures (which cannot succeed but to have awfully serious effects), my Hon. readers must excuse me to depict a few well-chosen words of explanations. Next to the corned-beef and salmon potentates, the most great figures in Hail Columbia are the filmsters (or moving-picture persons) of Filmburg, Cal., where are to be found more moving-stars to the sq. in. than any other spot in the globe. It are, indeedly, almost a non-exaggeration to say that persons like as Hon. Douglasbanks or Rudolfo Ivello are more better known as even a Sir W. Shakespear or (among educationless persons), as even a certain celebrate *literati* whom I shall not be so modestless as to mention the name of. More as tons and tons of bosh and suchly bunkums have been depicted re concerning these moving-stars, thusly causing youthish persons (especially of femn genders) to sigh to become Lilian Pickfords and Mary Gishs, when they would be more as a 1,000 times better employed in cleaning the baby, scalping the potatoes or other humble tasks. O how much better it are, I bemoan, to be an honest abigail and perform useful employments at per from 7/6 to 5/- weekly (and all found) than to be a moving-star who lives for only hectic gaieties and are here to-day and not here at all to-morrow! If the as follows so brilliant, exclusive and convincing exposures cause to only make 1 *femme de chambre* cling to her *chambre*, my pen will have not been unfurled in vain.

"I have arrived to the so notorious Filmburg, Cal., . . ."

And now, at little more as one stroke, I shall scatter the tripes, imburst the bubbles and impuncture the illusions which talentless, non-literate, scrupleless and hired ink-scribblers have depicted, thus leading

1,000s of sophisticateless femns to hopefully discard their brooms, buckets and blackleads, to become Nazimovas at 100s of £s per *diem* with champagne *ad. lib*, only to wake up and find they are full of dust and ashes and far more worse off as before, also minus their lucrative situations. I trust to sincerely hope that Hon. mistresses will cause their abigails to very carefully pursue these horrible exposings so that they may think more as 2-ce before emigrating themselves to Filmburg, Cal., in the hope to become more rich and adored as *Croesi*. I shall now, after this briefish prologuing, produce you a very close-up of Filmburg in all its horrors and with an eye to only truth. The as follows are from my diary as per under date:

March 1-th. At lastly, and after innumerous hairs-breadth perils, I have arrived to the so notorious Filmburg, Cal., where more murderings, abductings, kidnappings, piratings, courtings and kissings are produced to the cubic mile than any other location (*Anglice* spot) on the world's hemisphere. I are more determined as a bulldog to be non-beguiled and to depict only the most awful and harrowish truths that I can succeed to discover. In order to be completely non-recognised and dive to the fathomless bottom of this so infamous blot, I have disguised myself as a moving-star and are known as Yogous Hamabanks, the champion Japanese feather-weight filmster of the world. Thusly concealed, I shall impenetrate the ghashly mysteries and speechless horrors which I more as suspect lurk beneath the surface of this whitewashed sepulchre with feet of clay.

"I have disguised myself . . . as Yogous Hamabanks"

(Later.) In less as almost no time, I have succeeded to discover that my worst hopes are more as confirmed and promise to become even greater. Indeedly, I almost shrink to impen the awful and disputeless facts which my attentions have been called to, and which cannot fail to make shudder every proper-thinking and legitimate person. Though the filmsters and suchly potentates offer me more gold as an Eldorado in order that I shall not let my cat out of their bag, no carnal bribings or such *pourboires* (French for backsheesh) shall succeed to silence my pen or shut my eyes to the crying scandals and other wicked going-ons of this Hail Columbian *inferno*. I have placed my hand to the plough and shall not remove same till, like as Hon. Sir Hercules, I have cleaned out the Augean stables with my pen.

I trust to hope that, because of these so epoch-building scoopings, not any Hon. Bystanders who love truth and suchly costless blessings, will miss to secure nextly week's extractions, when I guarantee to bet that I shall produce exposures which have not ever been equalled and cannot be excelled at the price.

Yogo Hama

Photopress

A CHANGE OF COMMAND

Admiral Sir Henry F. Oliver making a farewell inspection of officers on board H.M.S. Revenge before relinquishing his position as Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet. His successor is Vice-Admiral Sir Hubert G. Brand, whose flag will ultimately be flown in the new battleship Nelson

THE HIGHLAND GAMES AT INVERARAY

A GROUP INCLUDING MISS PHYLLIS JORDAN, MRS. BLACK, CAPT. BLACK, R.N., LORD COTTINGHAM, LADY BRUCE SETON AND MR. JOHN McNAB

LADY WEIR (left), MISS McCONNACHIE, MR. THACKERY AND THE HON. JAMES AND HON. ELSPETH WEIR

Photographs
MISS SHEILA McDOUGAL AND MRS. LLOYD

Topica.
A GROUP INCLUDING MISS NAN JORDAN, MR. A. H. BRUCE SETON, MISS PHYLLIS AND MR. GODFREY JORDAN

Scotland has been luckier with her weather than has England and rain was not in evidence at the Highland Games recently held at Inveraray in Argyllshire. Above are seen some of the well-known people who attended, many donning the kilt specially for the occasion

Are You a Meanwhiler?

By Blanchette *Illustrations by NORMAN KEENE*

"Your simple, honest village yokel"

LONDON, *Aug.* 22.

DEAR COUSIN—

ARE you a Meanwhiler? Just been reading Mr. H. G. Well's latest that he calls "Meanwhile," you know, and I expect you have, too. And don't you rather love the way he talks about happiness? There is no inexorable necessity, he says, for any sustained human unhappiness—none at all. There is no absolute reason whatever why every child born should not be born happily into a life of activity and interest and happiness. . . . And some day, says he, men will cultivate their happinesses in gardens, a great variety of beautiful happinesses, happinesses grown under glass, happiness all the year round. Such things are not for us. They will come. Meanwhile——

WHEREUPON ups and sadly says a brisk little American gentleman in the book, who's a sort of Greek chorus, so to speak, "I perceive I have been meanwhiling all my life, instead of living." Forgot to add, by the way, that it's a Mr. Sempack that makes above-mentioned remarks about happiness and things (only, of course, he's just Mr. Well's loud-speaker, as you might say). An odd figure of a philosopher, with a terribly rugged face and all sorts of limbs that don't seem to fit, and shoes that someone says look like cattle boats adapted to passenger service. . . . But all the same, a Personality that even beautiful women fall for, as women do seem to sometimes, or, anyway, so Mr. Wells says.

BUT about this Meanwhiling. After all, maybe very terrible not to go about with a hair shirt (or should I say camiknickers) and boxes of deserving ideals 'stead of mixed de Brie chocs., but why or why not? (Do hope *I'm* not getting mixed, anyway). I mean, I really and truly do admire Mr. Wells, most fearfully I do, and hang on his lips as you might say, and everything he says sounds just It and utterly uplifting, and so on. Only, having raised our hopes and stimulated our imaginations and tickled our emotions with all his bright visions of the Ideal Life, he does rather seem to forget somehow the essential last act, so to speak—in other words, to tell us how. How we're going to do this jolly little intensive happiness cultivation with "all evil swept away," as I think Rupert Brooke put it.

MEANWHILE—yes, I think we shall simply have to go on meanwhiling just the same, spite of all Mr. Sempack and Mr. Wells exhort us to. Not that I don't rather immensely love some of things he says or they say—especially in the bit where they rescue an Italian Cabinet Minister from the Fascisti. The hatred of dull people for things that are great and fair—that was rather well said, methinks, and herein lies perchance the secret of most of the so-called "class-wars" and things that have ever happened, what? A great excess of Stupids in the world, as someone else puts it in the same aforesaid volume of deathless prose. Sort of palæolithic people, like the ones they think they may find bones of in the present great Piccadilly excavations—did you hear?

YES, ones of the real good old days of only just about fifty thousand years ago, when the River Thames actually used to run through good old Picc.—being much wider in those days, they say, and *mon Dieu*, it must have been to wipe all St. James's and Westminster, and, I s'pose, Buck. Palace itself off the map. And in those good old times seems the so-called West End of to-day was all a jolly old forest full of wild beasts, 'cluding elephants, yes, and even lions, too!—which, do you know, they found bits of real lions in Trafalgar Square not so very far back, as well as the bronze kind that so nobly guard Adm. Nelson and look so terribly bored when alleged orators of the Red sort come and rant around and scatter hot air and froth and Hs over their stately heads.

THE hatred of dull people for things that are great and fair—oh, Mr. Sempack, I thank thee for those few kind words (Shakespeare)! That's the Red book-of-the-words in a nutshell.

"We even find quiet, sheltered spots"

Two family joys —delicious both!

There is no fairer dish to look upon in Summer-time than Bird's Custard and stewed fruit,— always a picture in gold and scarlet, or in green and gold. It tastes so clean and fresh, and is redolent of the country-side. It overflows with goodness and nutriment.

Serve to-day delicious Bird's Custard with your stewed plums, greengages or apricots, or with tinned and bottled fruits at any time.

Bird's Custard is pure natural albumen, cooked in a moment to a cream-like consistency with Summer milk. The children love it, and as "Bird's" grows them strong and sturdy, is it not wise to satisfy their natural appetite for this delicious Custard?

Bird's Custard

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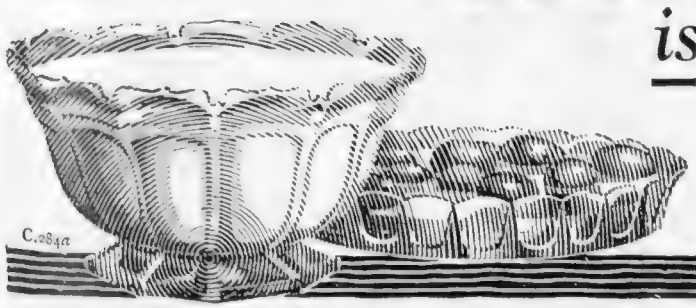

AN EASY NOVELTY.—*When your Bird's Custard is cold and set, it should be well whisked. Then it replaces clotted cream.*

Pkts., 1½d.; silvered boxes, 6½d. and 1/-; tins, 1/3½

meseems, whether they are of Russia or the slightly pinker kind nearer home that are not quite so authentically steeped in *bourgeois* gore. Also child's guide to bitter hostility of grocer type of mind to free speech, big art and general open-airish attitude to everything. And talk about scandal-mongering in Mayfair—my word, the amazing eagerness of your simple, honest village yokel (especially if female) to believe (and say) the worst, not to mention corresponding species as found just a shade brighter-witted but not a spot more poisonous, in our sophisticated Town.

And meanwhile—*tante grazie* for that word—just conceivably possibly (I only timidly beg to suggest, mind you) days with rain in 'em aren't such utter duds, or needn't be, as some of the dull ones appear to think, even if we *have* had so bad a summer that the lords of the railway and the ladies of the seaside lodgings are making a new one in the autumn. In rain we still bathe, we go for long robust walks, we listen-in on our Caydon set, we even (it's whispered) find quiet sheltered spots where He and She can for once discuss quietly and without interruption matters of such importance that they wouldn't care if it snowed. . . .

"Your most deafening bathing frock"

And, above all, those theatre managers, *on dit*, are for once not altogether displeased with the sort of weather that sends people indoors. Which reminds me, first-night season's started once more, after some rather longer than usual moments of restfulness, not to say slump in the drama line. And now motoring's getting cheaper, what with petrol coming down, there's always joy-rides with the cover on to kill time, if you can only force your way through the car-crowded roads. And at Deauville you can wear your most deafening bathing frock even if the rain pelts down ever so determinedly—though that certainly *is* rather a home of millionaires. But then, millionaires, you know, aren't ever really happy—or at least so Mr. Arnold Bennett says—and that certainly *is* rather comforting, what? So many servants they've got to have, apparently, life's one long domestic worry, and so on.

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE: That Extra Trick

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

One of the pleasantest sensations at Bridge is squeezing out that one extra trick which makes game. You know what I mean. The situation arises where you are playing a hand, it may be in a suit declaration or in No-Trumps. You can see your contract safe enough, but it is not quite clear how you are going to get game. Sometimes your opponents help you by bad play. That is all right, but it does not give you that feeling of satisfaction which you derive by bringing off a brilliant coup yourself.

Poor players and careless players very often make up their minds at the beginning that they can make so many tricks and no more, and they do not even consider the possibility of gaining that important extra trick. If they are of the always-in-a-hurry type they throw in their cards and say, "The rest are yours."

Very often it happens that by playing the cards out, running a long suit, and forcing discards or counting the hands and placing the lead, an extra trick can be made.

. . . . . .

To illustrate the point, take this hand which is given in a recently published book, "Auction Bridge Nuts," by Sir Charles Beachcroft:—

	Y: S.—Q, 6, 3. H.—A, J, 7, 5. D.—9, 6, 5. C.—8, 4, 3.	
A: S.—A, J, 10, 7, 4. H.—10, 4. D.—J, 3. C.—K, 10, 9, 2.		B: S.—9. H.—9, 6, 2. D.—Q, 10, 8, 7, 4, 2. C.—Q, 7, 5.
	Z: S.—K, 8, 5, 2. H.—K, Q, 8, 3. D.—A, K. C.—A, J, 6.	

Score: Love all. Z deals and bids "One No-Trump"; A, "Two Spades"; Y, "Two No-Trumps." All pass.

Now at the outset you will observe that Y's "put up" was bad. His "guard" in Spades was uncertain, and he had only one sure trick in the other suits. But this is not the point, and the bidding is given as it occurred.

A, instead of opening a Spade, led the 2 of Clubs, the 3 was played from Dummy, B put up the Queen, and Z took the trick with the Ace.

Now how would you play Z's hand?

. . . . . .

It is clear that Z can make eight tricks—four in Hearts, two in Diamonds, one in Clubs, and one in Spades. How is he to get the extra trick to make the game? This is the argument:—

A must have at least nine black cards. Why?

First, since he has called "Two Spades" without either King or Queen, he must have five Spades at least. Secondly, as he has led 2 of Clubs, that shows four of the suit. Z therefore, after making one trick in Spades and extracting all the red cards from A's hand, can throw the lead into his hand and make him lead Spades or Clubs up to Z's guards. Z therefore proceeds as follows:—He plays three rounds of Hearts, getting the lead on third round into his hand. On the third round A discards a small Spade. At trick 5 Z leads the 2 of Spades. If A puts up Ace, Z's game is easy, but A will not do that. He plays the 10, and Z wins the trick with Dummy's Queen, B playing the 9.

Now it is obvious that B cannot have any more Spades. A had two Hearts originally. Therefore he had also only two Diamonds. Z extracts them at tricks 6 and 7. Trick 8 Z leads a Heart and puts Dummy in. On this trick B discards 7 of Diamonds. B had six Diamonds originally. As his Diamonds are now established he would not have discarded one and kept a losing Club if he had held the King of Clubs. Z is therefore now certain of game. It is immaterial whether he now leads a Spade or a Club from Dummy. He can make one more trick. At trick 9 he leads 6 of Spades from Dummy and puts up his King, and A takes the trick with the Ace. A leads King of Clubs and follows with the 10, which Z wins with the Jack. A makes the last two tricks with the Jack of Spades and 9 of Clubs. Z makes three No-Trumps.

TWO PAGES OF SKETCHES

SHOWING HOW SMART WOMEN ARE DRESSED AT THE RITZ IN PARIS

By Our Special Paris Correspondent

1. This original yoke sewn in scallops to a navy crêpe de Chine frock is matching in colour with the pink felt hat worn with it. Note the range of pin-tucks at the side of the crown

2. Very smart blue felt hat trimmed with insertions in a lighter shade of the same colour, matching the frock. The high crown and irregular brim are features of the new mode

3. A smart frock in plaid crêpe georgette. The fullness of the skirt and the trimming are disposed at one side and this gives the silhouette a fashionable irregularity. Fox furs are in vogue

4. Crossing movements are the smartest now for coats. This model was carried out in beige crêpe georgette with a fur collar continued in a widening band. Small cloches are still much worn, but the brims are now wider at the sides

5. Fashionable ensemble, consisting of a frock in printed crêpe de Chine, which is also used for lining the plain coat. The frock has short sleeves and a large godet in front

WE notice that elegant women have adopted for this summer printed frocks in crêpe de Chine, chiffon or crêpe georgette, worn with a plain coat generally matching in colour the background of the print. One or two large flowers are fixed at the shoulder; these are carried out either in plain or printed fabrics matching the dress. The ensemble at the extreme left consists of a printed chiffon dress worn with a straight coat in crêpella. Next to it we see another frock in printed chiffon, with irregularly disposed cuttings and godets. The coat worn with it is unlined.

8. An elegant hat in fancy checked straw, trimmed with satin. Note the square neck-line bordered with a ribbon and finished off with a bow at the shoulder

9. Three shades of felt are used for this becoming hat, with supple waving brims. The accompanying scarf is in the intermediate shade

10. Chale collars in some important fur, fox for instance, are very fashionable. A novel trimming at the back are small "pinces" starting under the collar and disposed in a sunbeam

11. A felt hat with a pleat in the middle of the crown is especially becoming in profile. The pleat is continued at one side of the brim where the gros-grain ribbon is fixed with a brooch

12. Very fashionable this tight-fitting toque in black felt. The small brim is turned off in front and has a crossing movement a little at the side

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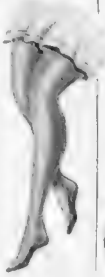

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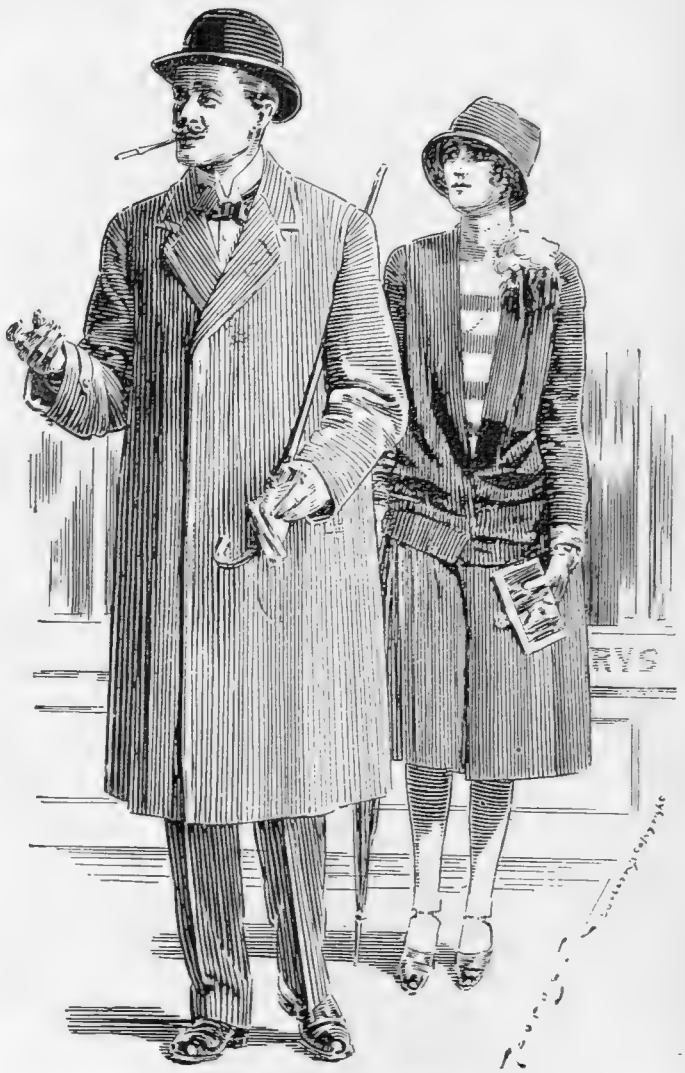

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A Golf Club Hand Played by the

Photographs

PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA AND SIR COURTAULD THOMSON

Topical

LORD LONDONDERRY AND MRS. NORMANFIELD

Topical

MRS. BOWHILL AND SIR HAROLD STILES

Topical

SIR ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND AND VISCOUNT ELIBANK

J. C. H. Balmain

MRS. FISHER ROWE

Goodwood and Cowes are now things of the past as far as this year is concerned, and Society has once again made its annual been in action on the famous golfing battleground at North Berwick, where clubs—but *not*

Photographer at North Berwick

MRS. ROTHSCHILD, MRS. SASSOON, THE HON. MRS. WINN AND THE COUNTESS HOCHBERG *Topical*

SIR JOHN FITZ-GERALD

LADY MILDRED FITZ-GERALD

MR. CYRIL TOLLEY

Photographs *J. C. H. Balmain*

exodus northwards, drawn thither by those twin magnets, Grouse shooting and Golf. Above are seen some of those who have of the prehistoric sort—are in daily use during the contests waged over the famous links

RACING AND CHASING

WHAT ABOUT WHIPPETS?

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THERE'S no doubt the warm interest shown by the Prince of Wales in Greyhound racing is shared by very many thousands of people who, before the advent of the mechanical hare, knew nothing either of Dog racing or of the marvellous grace and fleetness of the Greyhound. Figures are stubborn things, and the Kennelman has ascertained from the Kennel Club's official records that the registrations of Greyhounds during the first half of this year were rather more than double the number of those of the corresponding period of last year. Enthusiasts of the new sport who want to study the form and lines of the perfect Greyhound, by the way, should refer to the July issue of *The Kennel Gazette,* which reproduces fine portraits of Mr. Harry Peake's Caradon Spinner, a beautiful embodiment of canine fleetness.

The ancient Egyptians may not have known much of electrically-propelled hares, but they were no bad judges of Greyhounds, and records left by their sculptors and carvers prove this to be one of the very oldest of canine breeds. Until the introduction of the mechanical hare the "Race Dog" meant the Whippet, the Greyhound being associated in this country more or less exclusively with coursing, and, so far as the big general public was concerned, with the Waterloo Cup. There are scores of Whippet racing clubs in England, especially up North, and, too, in East Anglia. Whippets can cover 200 yards in twelve seconds, so their racing is not a slow game to watch. They race like the wind, without asking for any mechanical hare. Their height being, say, 19 inches, and their weight, say, 20 lbs., these wonderful Dogs are of a most convenient size, and in many ways easier for the amateur to accommodate than the Greyhound. So it would not be surprising if the popularity of the new style racing were to bring a considerable spurt in the vogue of the Whippet. The Secretary of the Whippet Club is Capt. W. Lewis Renwick, of Portfield House, Docks, Cardiff. The Secretary of the Greyhound Club is Miss Lane, of Penhale, Truro.

The Kennel Club's annual Show at the Crystal Palace at the end of September is generally thought of as the last really big function of the doggy year, but this year October 28-29 will bring another big exhibition in the same venue: the Show in aid of the Royal Veterinary Society's reconstruction fund. The famous Dog food specialists, Spillers, are giving a magnificent solid gold challenge Cup, to be won by the owner of the best Dog at this Show, and competition will be keen.

The correspondent in Devonshire who has been disappointed by his failure to get Harriers or Foxhounds to take up Otter scents should try his hand with genuine Otter Hounds, who can always be relied on to give good sport, and are in every way most lovable and interesting creatures. The Otter lives on a fish diet, and his scent is peculiarly strong. All the same, Foxhounds will often take to it, if entered when quite young. The Otter, by the way, by no means confines his trail to the water, nor even to its neighbourhood, but will often lead the hunt miles across country.

There have been some bad cases of Dog-poisoning during the last few weeks. It ought to be made more widely known that, irrespective of results, the laying of poison (or traps) in any unenclosed place—any place accessible to Dogs—is illegal and punishable. The Animal Welfare Associations should be applied to, to prosecute in all such cases.

A SWISS MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

CAMERA NOTES

By T. L. J. BENTLEY

The September Exhibitions

LONDON in September is the Mecca of all good photographic enthusiasts. With the opening of the two great photographic exhibitions in London there begins the pilgrimage of the faithful devotees of the camera that continues until the doors finally close upon the "Royal" and the Salon.

Despite the mushroom growth in recent years of international photographic exhibitions in all parts, the two great London shows retain an outstanding prestige and draw from all quarters of the globe the highest current achievements in the photographic art and craft. Need it then be added that any user of a camera who has the opportunity will profitably visit at least one of these shows?

The London Salon

THE London Salon of Photography, which is held at the galleries of the Royal Water-Colour Society, at 5a, Pall Mall East, from September 10 to October 8, is essentially the show for the picture lover, preferably with a little bias toward the modernistic tendencies in art. The Salon limits itself to photographic work in the direction of art and pictorialism, and provides always a collection of several hundred prints by the acknowledged masters of the art of picture-making with the camera. Though catholic in scope within these limits, the Salon exhibits usually a preponderancy of character and figure studies, with the motif of decorative effect well in evidence. For years past the Salon has been identified definitely with the advanced tendencies in photographic art, with a resulting atmosphere of theatricality and stunt-manufacture about the annual displays; but this phase seems to belong now to the past, for the last two Salons have been a really delightful resort for the visitor.

The R.P.S. Exhibition

THE exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, held at 35, Russell Square, W.C., from September 12 to October 8, is of totally different character. Pictorial photography takes a large part, but only a part, in a very extensive display which embraces within its scope every phase of photography. Photography in its application to the arts and crafts of life, to science and technology, and to every known department of erudition, always contributes to the "Royal" a most fascinating and illuminating series of exhibits; in addition, special branches of the hobby which are excluded from the Salon—such as natural history studies, stereoscopic photographs and lantern transparencies in monochrome and in natural colour—find a large corner in the "Royal." It is safe to say that almost every visitor who might be enticed into the building by the invitation "admission free" would spend several most interesting and profitable hours in one part or another of the exhibition.

Professional portrait photography finds its own home during the period September 6-24 in the P.P.A. exhibition at the Princes Galleries in Piccadilly.

AT "SEASIDE TOWERS."

Many of the girls and fellows at "Seaside Towers" have cameras. Every week there are always two or three who seem to take better snaps than the rest. Perhaps they are experts or, maybe, perhaps not. . .

Anyway, we took the trouble to enquire the reason. Then we discovered a very peculiar thing—practically without exception the best snaps are those taken on a certain type of Roll Film.

It is a very rapid film noted for its perfect accuracy and detail-producing qualities. It shows the correct colour values. It allows for errors in exposure. We can keep the secret no longer—its name is "ILFORD."

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Now on the field an M.D., a former Rugger-Blue, tested Sanatogen on sportsmen in training. His report runs:

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MOTOR NOTES

By E. M WRIGHT

IN THE SHIRES

A 15-50 h.p. Bianchi setting out for a run on the Great North Road. The photograph was taken in the old-world town of Stilton

IT is distressing to hear from the trade stories of the fickleness of public fancy. We all know the supposed objection to cars which are built and sold in their tens or hundreds of thousands; it is said that the Britisher wants something distinctive—different from his next-door neighbour. Yet in another quarter one hears stories that would seem to point to the very reverse being the case. With the exception of a well-known Oxford garage, those smaller concerns who market special models of the more popular makes, incorporating perhaps "hotted up" engines and special sporting coachwork, are finding it not so easy to sell them.

***

ANOTHER remarkable fact is how the public expect certain makers to produce cars at certain prices. They will not pay more than a certain figure for a certain make of car of given horse-power—and become surprisingly shy, too, if it is offered at much *less* than that figure! It was remarked to me by the managing director of one concern, whom we may call "A," that he could always get just a little more money for his cars than "B," but not so much as "C," while "D," curiously enough, was always just about £100 higher than "C," and had no difficulty in "getting his price." Make "A," incidentally, is coming back this year into the market which he had in pre-war days, and his remark was apropos of the fact that his public expected him to stay there and not adventure into other spheres, as he has been doing in the past two or three years. You would think that the great changes that have taken place in all branches of motoring and the motoring public would have banished these ideas, which smack of days that have gone for ever. But it appears that the influence of pre-war motorists and their prejudices is still strong amongst the buying public.

SOMETHING new in service stations was opened recently at Gatton Point, near Redhill, by the Service Petroleum Company. It is the first of a hundred similar stations which this concern is erecting all over Great Britain, and nothing quite like it has been seen before. From the artistic point of view alone the station is unique. Then it contains a reception room with writing materials and periodicals, dressing-rooms with hot and cold water, telephones, notice boards, and other arrangements for the comfort of the visitor. The garage includes all the latest devices for servicing the car. One of them is a rotary lift which raises the car to 5ft. so that cleaning, greasing, oiling, and repairs can be done on it in record time. Machinery is fitted for simultaneous attention to fuel, oil, tyres, and radiator. At the demonstration on the opening day one large-sized car was washed, polished, greased, and lubricated in 14 mins. 45 secs. One of the features of the station is the unique interceptor message board, where names are flashed day and night to persons for whom messages have been received over the 'phone.

***

THE well-known firm of Warwick Wright, Ltd., of 150, New Bond Street, W.1, has recently amalgamated with that of Bertram Alvarez, Ltd., of Berkeley Street and Stratton Street. While the former organisation has hitherto been exclusively concerned with popular cars of medium power and price, the latter has concentrated its attention more particularly on luxury cars, so that between them they will now be able to cater for a remarkably wide range of tastes and purses. The showrooms at Berkeley Street are to be considerably enlarged at once, and a large service depot will shortly be opened at Kingston.

***

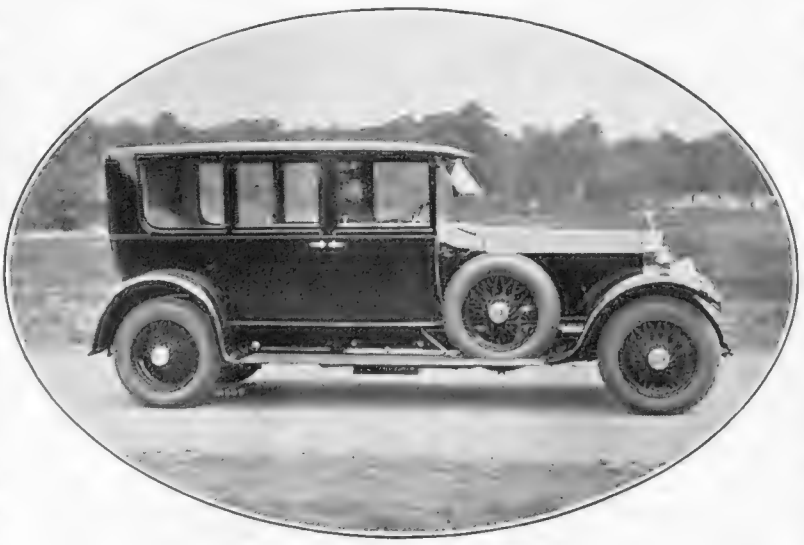
A GOOD many readers of this page will be interested in a new handbook, published at the modest price of 2s. 6d., under the title of "Motoring Afloat." It emanates from that authoritative and impartial body, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Ltd. (83, Pall Mall, S.W.1), so that it contains no "puff" for any one make or form of boats or engines. It covers the whole subject in splendid style, and acts as guide, philosopher, and friend, not only to the existing owner of motor craft of any kind, but—what is perhaps more important—to those who are thinking of going in for this new form of motoring.

***

MARINE motoring, to give it its most appropriate term, falls easily under two heads. As most generally known so far in this country, it is a recreation, in the same way as ownership of a purely pleasure car. But latterly it is coming to the fore as a sport. At an extremely modest cost you may own motor craft definitely intended for speed, *i.e.*, fast touring or even racing. Formerly this side of motor boating used to be decidedly a rich man's game.

***

NOWADAYS, however, light hydroplanes are obtainable from £50, for use with small outboard motors, and the owner may enjoy all the thrills of speed and the sport of obtaining it from a tiny engine. "Motoring Afloat" is published by the Marine Committee of the above Society, and the same body is organising the exhibition of motor craft at next month's Shipping Exhibition at Olympia, which opens on September 8.



GRACE AND STRENGTH

A Hooper enclosed limousine on 40-50 h.p. New Phantom Rolls-Royce chassis supplied to the Duke of Devonshire. The car is painted black, fine lined white, and trimmed with West of England cloth. There is seating capacity for six persons

A Crossley "Six" for H.M. The King

A CROSSLEY six-cylinder car has just been supplied to His Majesty the King. This is an enclosed limousine, painted maroon with a fine red line and with the royal crest on doors and back. The interior is upholstered in blue leather. Only a short time ago a Crossley "Six" was supplied to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, this being his third Crossley. Crossley Motors, Ltd., have the unique distinction of holding the appointments of motor car manufacturers to both H.M. the King and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

TALKS ABOUT WHISKY

It is unhappily true that, as a Nation, Great Britain has been regarded by other nations as hypocritical.

It is happily true that there is now less justification for the accusation. Evidences are forthcoming that honesty and candour are welcomed in circles that have in the past dealt largely in pretence.

The churches are absolutely right in advocating the temperate use of everything. There they are on strong ground and deserve support.

They are on still stronger ground when they refrain from pretending to virtues that they do not practise.

At the May meeting in Edinburgh of the Scottish Church Assemblies, some Reverend and revered members admitted this fact. One of them stated (in connection with a discussion on prohibition) that "he was convinced that the majority of the members of the Assembly were not personal abstainers."

That being so, it is not only justifiable but necessary that somebody must make and somebody must sell the alcohol that the members of the Scottish Church Assembly (and others) require.

All the churches take what money we give them and we want them to use it in advocating the temperate use of everything. By helping us to eliminate excess, they use our financial help in the way that we want it used.

* * *

The Distilling Industry is a great Home Industry. It gave Great Britain all its yeast during the period of the War. It made the explosives, but for which Germany would have won instead of losing the War.

The Government is not behaving fairly to it. It is taxing it out of its own Kingdom.

* * *

These talks on Whisky are issued under the auspices of John Haig & Company, who offer to the public throughout the World the finest Scots Whisky obtainable. Now that the scarcity of fine old whisky (occasioned by the War) is entirely overcome, they supply **Haig** WHISKY of as fine quality as ever went out of Scotland.

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"Well it's truly wonderful how they maintain the quality year in and year out"

CRAVEN "A"

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

Femina

THE MISUSE OF WINDOWS

By MRS. M. VINCE

EVERYONE is agreed on the importance of windows. A proposal to revive the window-tax would be received with horror. It would do the Government much less harm to put an extra shilling on the income tax. For the window-tax is remembered as a peculiar iniquity of a stupid government. We are very sensitive about our windows. It is odd that, being so sensitive about them, we should misuse them in so many ways. One wonders sometimes as one goes along the streets, looking at the windows, if after all a revived window-tax would be such an iniquity. For one sees so many windows heavily curtained and tightly shut that one feels that in a good many houses it would not make very much difference if —as was done to avoid the tax—half the windows were blocked up.

IF people refuse to have the light and air which is theirs for nothing, that is their own affair. But what most people forget is that their windows are not altogether their own affair. It was said the other day of a house in the exhibition of Danish architecture in London that the most beautiful part of it was the position and proportion of its windows. It is very easy to forget how important are the windows to the appearance of the house from the outside. Many do forget it. People who consider it a matter of self-respect to keep the outside of the house properly painted, who would be horrified if their front-door were shabby and blistered, or if the knocker were not polished every day, will yet treat their windows as if they had only one side—the inside. They never realise how much they may affect the outside appearance of their house by what they put inside the windows. Here are some of the ways in which windows are misused.

IT is a misuse of the windows to hang the side curtains so that they can be seen from the outside. I have seen houses with very bright curtains, each room with a different colour, so hung that they were not only noticeable but actually the most noticeable feature of the house from the outside. It is an even worse misuse to have prominent curtains across the lower half of the windows—prominent because of their colour or their pattern. In towns where houses overlook one another, casement-curtains are an unfortunate necessity. If we must have them, then they should be as plain and inconspicuous as possible. We cannot expect our architects to make the windows of the houses beautiful by "their position and proportion" if we spoil their proportion as soon as we go into them by cutting them in two with a conspicuous curtain.

IT is a misuse of the windows to use them for any sort of display. Shops must do it, but there is no need for private houses to do it too. Little houses put geraniums in their windows. Bigger houses put vases or pieces of statuary. There is some excuse for the geraniums, which need the light, but none for the vases or statuary. They occupy the window to no purpose except to be noticed outside, for the worst place to see them from the inside of the room is in the window against the light. Outside the house one wants to see and admire only the architecture. One does not want to know anything of its decoration until one goes inside. One does not want to be reminded whenever one passes down the street that at number 3 they have orange curtains in all the rooms, and that at number 8 they have the Three Graces in their drawing-room.

BROAD window-sills are much more attractive than narrow—if one is not tempted to put things on them. In some cases, perhaps, this may be allowed. In very small bedrooms, for example, a broad window-sill, broad enough for a mirror to stand on it and for a small cupboard underneath, may save having a dressing-table.

THEN there is the question of window-seats. I saw it suggested in a book on small houses published a little while ago that if all windows were left flush with the outer face of the wall, there would be space inside for a wide window-sill or a window-seat. I wonder if the architect who wrote that had ever sat in a window-seat. I wonder, in fact, if anybody ever does sit in a window-seat. Window-seats, of course, sound delightful. They have become a romantic convention of country architecture. To attack them is almost to lay oneself open to the charge of being indifferent to fresh air and the beauties of nature. Nor is the window-seat a merely modern fancy. All the windows in that beautiful eighteenth century house, the Palace at Kew, have window-seats in the depth of the wall. But I still wonder if people ever sit in window-seats. They are not nearly so comfortable as a chair, they are much more draughty than a chair, and sitting in a chair how much easier it is to see out of the window.

MISS AILEEN STANLEY

Who is appearing at the Café de Paris. One of the most famous gramophone artists in the world, she is known as the Gramophone Girl

Hay Wrightson

THE HON. MRS. GEORGE HARRIS

Introduces her seven-year-old son George to the camera. Her husband, who is the only son of Lord Harris, is a captain in the Kent Yeomanry and won the M.C. during the war

Popular Romances

A Popular Edition of the historical romances by that gifted writer May Wynne has just made a welcome appearance on the bookstalls. Miss Wynne knows better than most how to weave a tale of the days now dead in such a way that historical data and romantic fiction mingle to form a pattern which delights her large army of readers. This edition, published by Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co., Ltd., at 2s. 6d. a volume, contains many of her biggest favourites, including "A Royal Traitor," "Brave Brigands," "Honour's Fetters," "Plotted in Darkness," "Love's Penalty," etc.

The New Tailoring

YOU CHOOSE CLOTHES INSTEAD OF CLOTH

FEW suits fit so many occasions as grey flannel. A necessity for holidays, useful for week-ends, the very thing for warmish days in Town. It appeals particularly to the well-dressed man. And "The New Tailoring" method of buying it appeals to him equally strongly. In "The New Tailoring" Showroom he can make certain—before committing himself—that it both fits and suits him. In "The New Tailoring" Showroom, stock sizes include fittings for the tall and the short, the plump and the lean—with all their possible combinations.

GREY FLANNEL SUITS

Finely tailored from fine West of England flannel in the popular and serviceable shade of medium grey.

Single-breasted
5 Guineas

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5½ Guineas

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NEW TAILORING FLOORS 107-113 Regent St., London
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Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

This Travelling Business

WITH General Post the popular game of the moment, how to be happy though travelling; in other words, how to look attractive and *bien soigné* on a journey, whether by train, car, boat, or aeroplane, is a question that is agitating the Feminine Contingent. Not so very long ago, a coat and skirt, and nothing but a coat and skirt, was considered the correct thing in which to "arrive," preferably dark in colour. Not really such a very wise choice, because tailor-mades—the smartest type of garment in the world under general conditions—do not take kindly, speaking vulgarly but descriptively, to being "sat about" in, the best of them being apt to crease and get out of shape when treated in this cavalier fashion. And dark colours show up dust, etc. (and where there's travelling there's dust!), far more than neutral ones or mixtures.

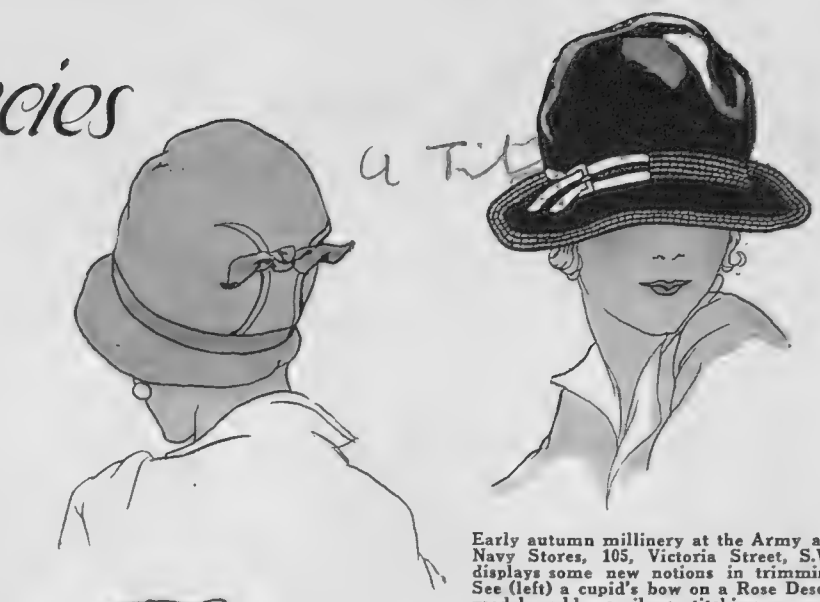
Brighter Garb for Journeys

TO-DAY, with saloon cars rendering hideous motor veils and unbecoming dust-coats things of the past, the smart woman traveller has a far more debonair appearance, being aided thereto by the three-piece vogue—for to look suitably clad, with or without a coat, as the temperature varies, is a joy indeed. To-day's hats, brimless at the back and allowing their wearers to lean back in comfort, make travelling a pleasanter proposition; so do the many fabrics that are soft and comfortable to wear and remain uncreased under the most adverse conditions. Stockinette, for instance, now to be found in herring-bone designs and many delightful marled mixtures, or frisca, or the knitted woollens, that in subdued checks, etc., almost exactly resemble tweeds and are often used with them. A modern version of the semi-sporting three-piece, consisting of a tweed skirt and a cardigan, exactly matching it in colour and design, will be completed, for instance, by a long tweed coat. Wool georgette is another ideal material for wearing under a coat, for, as its name implies, it is soft and uncrushable; it, too, is often used in conjunction with tweed.

The latest style in tailor-mades from Studd and Millington, 51, Conduit Street, is carried out in suiting in the new basket-weave design
Sketches by A. Titford

The Vogue for Duvetyn

ANOTHER practical travelling *ensemble* that the New Season is ushering in, is the *crêpe* marocain frock, carried out in a neutral colouring (dull *bois de rose,* by the way, is beginning to rank among the neutrals) over which is worn a long duvetyn coat in a rather darker shade of the same colour, the frock generally has a touch of the duvetyn to indicate that it "belongs." And talking of coats, it's an unwise woman indeed who does not include in her travelling equipment one of the new tweed coats. The light-weight ones, semi-fitting, are very smart affairs indeeed, carried out in West of England, Harris, or Irish tweed. For the so-called steamer coat, cut on easy lines, with a generous wrap-over, liberally pocketed and usually collared with dyed fur, frieze or Cumberland tweed are the ideal fabrics. And at last the ideal bag for wearing with tweeds has been found! And what is it made of? Why, the same tweed as the coat or suit it accompanies. Why has no one thought of it before?



Early autumn millinery at the Army and Navy Stores, 105, Victoria Street, S.W., displays some new notions in trimming. See (left) a cupid's bow on a Rose Descat model, gold or silver stitching on satin finished velour (right), and the latest shape in felt (below)

Autumn Millinery

AUTUMN is here! At least as far as millinery is concerned. Women with a dress sense have long since realised that clinging to their summer hats once autumn leaves have begun to fall is very bad policy indeed, and not at all conducive to looking smart. Velour, with a fine satin finish, antelope fur-felt and, of course, felt of the ordinary variety, are the fabrics that carry out many of the new arrivals at the Millinery Department of the Army and Navy Stores, 105, Victoria Street, S.W., three of which are sketched on this page. The top left-hand one, a copy of a Rose Descat model, is made of antelope fur-felt, a very narrow band of petersham ribbon encircles the crown, and this same ribbon, made into a cupid's bow, strikes a new note by providing a smart finish at the back. Its price is 25*s.* 9*d.* Satin finished velour, of a really fine quality and very soft and light in weight, expresses the right-hand model, the charming and unusual trimming consisting of fine stitching and a band and buckle of either gold or silver (45*s.* 9*d.*). Below is an attractive example of the large selection of new felts and velours in the latest shapes, priced at 12*s.* 11*d.*, of which the Army and Navy Stores make a speciality. Large fittings, by the way, are the rule rather than the exception in their Millinery

Crêpe perle, a soft velvety material particularly becoming to youthful wearers, carries out a schoolgirl's evening frock. (Sketched in the Juvenile Department of Messrs. Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly, W.)

busy woman to shop under one roof (and incidentally to put in some on their own account!) when it is a question of school outfits, etc. There's no question of buying in wholesale fashion for the younger generation to-day. They have their own ideas in style and colours, and often require very little guidance. Smart, well-cut overcoats, neat costumes of the conventional navy serge, practical little stockinette house-frocks, and last, but not least, the dance and party frocks that are just as important for the modern child, whether or not of school age, as their workaday clothes, are to be found in tremendous variety at Swan & Edgar's. Indeed, they are specialising in school evening frocks, of which a delightful example has been sketched. It is carried out in the new *crêpe perle*, a lovely velvety material, made in various soft, pretty colourings that will become youthful wearers; apple, lupin, cherry, rosewood, etc. In sizes 34in., 36in., 38in., and 40in. this model costs 33*s*. Even in these enlightened days quite a number of children enter the World of School handicapped by an incorrect or inadequate outfit, so parents should take particular note that at Swan

(*Continued on page* vi)

Department, which is excellent news for the unshingled!

Paris Says Tailor-mades

THAT tailor-mades will be more than ever fashionable during the coming season is the latest ruling of Paris, at which Englishwomen will certainly rejoice, for they are the type of garment that seems particularly suited to their figures. A most attractive example of a smart tailor-made has been sketched on the preceding page. From Studd & Millington, the well known tailors, of 51, Conduit Street, W.1, it is carried out in one of the new suitings in soft *bois de rose* and shows the fashionable basket-weave design. Made to measure it costs 9 guineas. Note that the coat is single breasted and just a shade longer than was the case in the spring and that pleated side panels lend freedom to the skirt. Messrs. Studd & Millington, whose cut is quite perfect, make suits from 8 guineas, which is good news for those who, with Scotch visits in view, must include more than one tweed in their wardrobe. And the commencing price of their overcoats, also made to measure, is 6 guineas. At this price they offer an extremely smart lightweight garment, carried out in West of England coating, thoroughly waterproofed, and a freize steamer coat, which is ideal for travelling either by land or sea. Good tailoring, you see, contrary to general opinion, is *not* expensive!

Looking Ahead

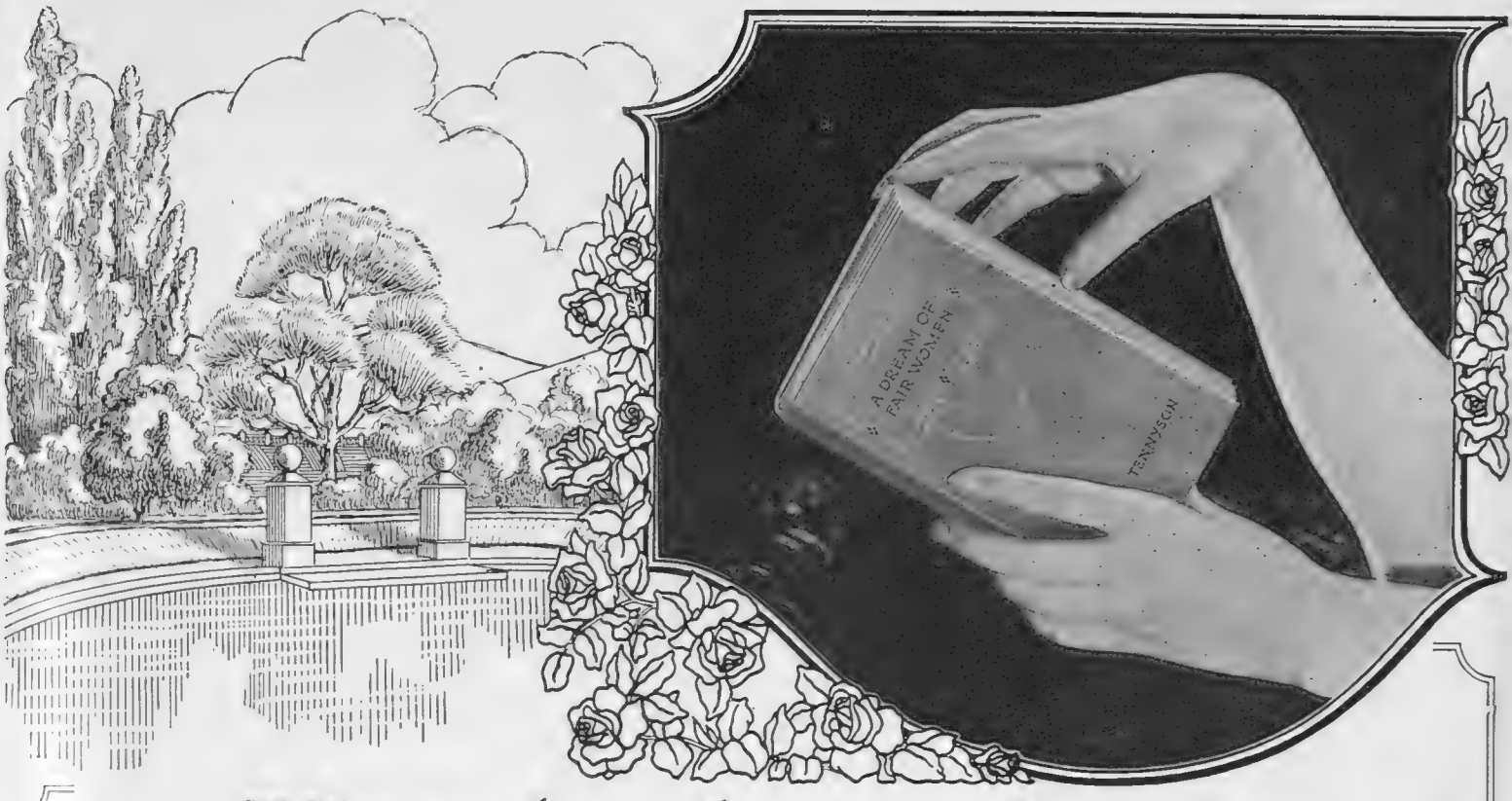
WE are all fond of saying that London has no "Dead Season" to-day. To apply this practically is to pay a visit to Woolland Bros., of Knightsbridge, and observe the large number of smart women who are buying the season's new autumn models before starting out on their second round of visits. Sketched on this page (in the panel) is one that not only embodies the coming season's style but is carried out in one of the new autumn fabrics—namely, wool georgette. This material which, in a delightful shade of reddish brown, is used for the frock, is supple and light in weight, though deliciously warm. The tweed coat, collared and cuffed with dyed mole, tones in with it delightfully, and narrow panels of the tweed are used to trim the frock. Note the double revers on the coat and the inserted panels that give a becoming line. Messrs. Woolland Bros., wisely realising that at the moment they are Every Woman's wear, are also specialising in tweeds of every kind, and certainly a model carried out in Shetland Harrington, with a smart herring-bone design, is tempting at 8 guineas, not forgetting the scarf, an effective new touch that is certainly an addition.

Everything for Small People

"EVERYTHING for small people" is a slogan that might well be applied to the Juvenile Department at Messrs. Swan & Edgar's, and certainly it is a joy for every

See (above) a new version of the tweed suit, and on the right an autumn ensemble, carried out in wool georgette and tweed. (From Woolland Bros., 95, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.)

Sketches by H. S. Oliver



Hands that please

THE natural beauty of a woman's hands is something to be treasured; far more convincingly than words it provides sure indication of true refinement. To-day thousands of women realise this and take prompt, effective steps to preserve skin-health. Their greatest helps they find in Pond's Two Creams.

First, Pond's Cold Cream—this they must use to ensure thorough *cleanliness*. Applied before retiring every night and whenever the skin has been exposed to dirt, dust, etc., throughout the day, it cleans away all impurities that would otherwise choke the pores. After a daytime cleansing, wipe away cream and dirt with a soft cloth.

Secondly, for the skin's *protection*, Pond's Vanishing Cream is quite without an equal. Used whenever protection is necessary and always after each application of Pond's Cold Cream—save the one at bedtime—it guards the tender skin; soothes and preserves it, rendering it always lovely both to see and touch. It also forms an excellent powder base.

POND'S CREAMS *From all Chemists and Stores. In handsome opal jars at* **1/3** *and* **2/6.** *In tubes* **7½d.** *(for handbag) and* **1/-.** *Pond's Cold Cream also in extra large jars* **5/-** *and in extra large tubes* **2/6**

TRIAL SAMPLES Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 19), 103, St. John St., E.C.1, will send, for 2d. in stamps for postage and packing, a sample tube of both Creams.

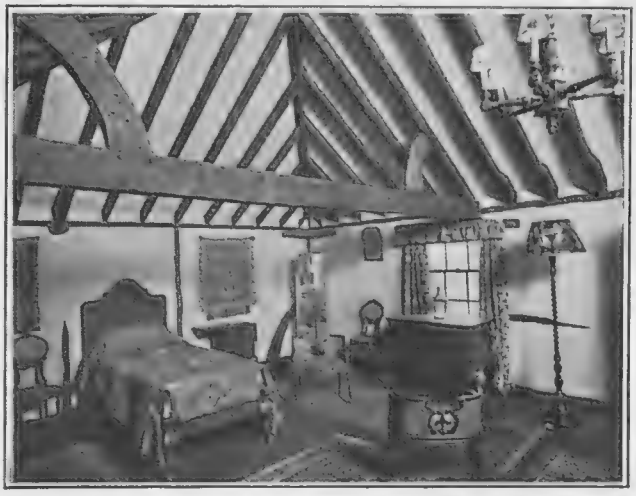
"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

Pond's Vanishing & Cold Creams

and Edgar's expert advice on this vexed question is always available.

Further Prospects, Unsettled!

We are nothing if not philosophers this season so far as pessimistic weather forecasts are concerned. If it rains—well, then, it does, is the sensible viewpoint of the modern woman, but even with the long-promised Indian summer in prospect she has made up her mind that she will not be caught without wet weather kit that is as becoming as it is practical. Perhaps some of her philosophy is due to the fact that rain-clothes *are* so smart to-day, quite some of the happiest effects at Ascot and other "damp occasions" having been achieved with toilettes that were frankly designed for opened heavens! As well as gay rubber fabrics that might well induce cheerfulness, *crêpe de Chine*, satin, velvet, Japanese silk or cotton, etc., all go to the making of the up-to-date mack, often with its matching hat; high rubber boots every bit as smart as those destined for riding; neat goloshes in all colours that are anything but dowdy; rubber flowers that charmingly complete a wet-weather *ensemble*—all these combine to provide silver linings to the clouds. At Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street, W., wet-weather kit exists in its perfection, from the all-enveloping wrap that covers up a smart frock to whole suits carried out in waterproofed fabrics that the sportswoman will find ideal. What does it matter if it does rain cats and dogs?—for we are smartly attired.



REPRODUCING THE PAST

A corner of the Tudor Room at "The Gazeway," Messrs. W. H. Gaze and Sons' show house on the Portsmouth Road, at Surbiton. The room was originally used as a store, but by clever use of the existing roof structure and carefully thought-out treatment of the walls and floor, a charming room with a Tudor atmosphere has been obtained. The furniture is in walnut, and reproduces the style of various periods

The Lötschberg Railway

Some of the loveliest country in Switzerland—or, indeed, in Europe—is served by the Lötschberg Railway, which makes the connecting link between Berne and the Simplon. The Bernese Oberland and the upper part of the beautiful canton of Valais rank high among the regions to be explored by holiday-makers, and for their benefit the Bernese Alps Railway Company has issued a little booklet which, with its text and excellent illustrations, should be of great help as a guide book to these districts.

A Business Trip

Mr. R. H. Hamilton Wickes, the International and Harlequin threequarter, is leaving for America on September 1 on a business trip for the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., with which firm he is connected. In consequence he will be unable to take any active part in Rugby football on this side until at least the early days of December.

A Strengthening Food

The feat of Mr. Temme in conquering the Channel at his first attempt will rank high in the annals of Channel swimming, and it is interesting to know what food was used during his great effort. Throughout the swim Mr. Temme was fed with spoonfuls of Virol, and both Virol and Virol and Milk formed an integral part of his diet while training. It has long been known that Virol is specially valuable in such cases owing to the unique ease with which it is assimilated and the quickness with which it thoroughly repairs wasted energy without throwing any strain on the digestion. Its use by Mr. Temme is a concrete proof of the reliance placed on the strengthening qualities of this recuperative and nerve food.

SMART
STOCKINETTE
THREE-PIECE
SUITS
FOR HOLIDAY WEAR

Woollen Stockinette Jumper Suit in self colours with shaded striped stockinette on collar and hem of jumper, skirt with two pleated panels. In many useful colours.

PRICE **7½ Gns.**

Coat in bright coloured checks, for wearing over jumper suits.

Price **84/-**

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THE FASHION FOR CUMBERLAND HOMESPUNS.

We have now in stock a wonderful variety of new Autumn homespun tweeds in Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Scafell, Saddleback designs, etc., made exclusively for Debenham & Freebody, post free.

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DAINTY
CHEMISE &
KNICKER
IN CRÊPE DE CHINE

USEFUL CHEMISE & KNICKER SET. Chemise made of heavy quality crêpe de chine, well cut and trimmed with attractive self embroidery.

KNICKER to match with elastic knee made with large double gusset, roomy shape.

Chemise - - - Price **21/9**

Knicker - - - „ **21/9**

Can be obtained in all colours.

Sent on Approval.

Super Quality British Made Silk Stockings, good weight lisle feet and tops, fashioned thighs and legs, special point seaming in feet. In flesh, pastel, fawn, nude, biscuit, mushroom, light and dark gazelle, rosewood, mid grey dark grey and beige. Sizes 8½, 9, and 9½ only
Price 6/6 per pair
Or 3 pairs for 19/-

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VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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Sent on approval.

THE COURT

VERY CHIC
An everyday walking Shoe for the Gentlewoman.

42/-

The expression of Grace and the embodiment of Ease and Comfort are features of the Mayflowa Court Shoe.

Illustrated Brochure Post Free on Request.

ABBOTT (PHIT-EESI)
W. ABBOTT & SONS LTD.

324, OXFORD ST., W. (Next to D. H. EVANS Limited.)
82, REGENT ST., W. (Nearly opposite Piccadilly Hotel.)
255, OXFORD ST., W. (Next to JAYS.)

Young's

MOUNTAIN DEW

SCOTCH WHISKY

QUALITY FIRST SINCE 1797

YOUNG'S Mountain Dew claims the distinction of being the oldest brand of blended Scotch Whisky on the market. This excellent old whisky still retains an unrivalled position in the esteem of its patrons both at home and abroad. Being blended from the original recipe, its quality never varies and it can always be relied upon to possess that full flavour, distinctive aroma, and smoothness of taste which appeal so strongly to the cultured connoisseur.

Awarded Grand Prix, Brussels, 1926.

EDWARD YOUNG & CO., Ltd.
Glasgow, Liverpool, London.
Glenugie Distillery, Aberdeenshire.

A long drink . . .
A luscious drink . . .
A drink to quench your thirst!

A multitude of summer drinks, with one above all others. Stonoda Cup—the discovery of the season!

Stonoda Cup is *delicious*. A long drink to satisfy a healthy thirst. A drink luscious with summer fruits. A drink safe on the hottest days because of the Stone's Ginger Wine with which it is made.

MAKE STONODA CUP THIS WAY.—Take equal quantities of Stone's Ginger Wine and Soda Water. A few slices of Cucumber or sprigs of Borage. Freshen with any ripe fruit. Add Lemon and Sugar to taste and a few lumps of ice. Nothing more delicious was ever mixed.

STONODA CUP

Stonoda Cup can only be made from Stone's, the original Ginger Wine, famous since 1740.

STONE'S GINGER WINE,
FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

The MENU

A Light Dinner for the Hot Weather

GRAPE FRUIT À L'AMERICAINE.
CLEAR CONSOMMÉ.
FILLETS OF TROUT.
MOUSSE OF HAM (COLD) SALAD.
ROAST GROUSE.
COMPOTE OF PEACHES WITH CREAM.
MUSHROOM TOASTS OR DEVILLED PRAWNS.
COFFEE. LIQUEURS. DESSERT.

Fillets of Trout

HAVE a good-sized trout filleted and simmer it in some brown gravy, a glass of claret, some herbs and lemon juice; serve it with Mousseline sauce, and garnish with olives. Mousseline sauce is really a mayonnaise sauce, with some whipped aspic and about two tablespoonfuls of cream. This sauce is served cold.

Mousse of Ham

Whip two gills of cream stiffly, and stir with this one gill of liquid aspic and ½ lb. of cold, cooked, minced and sieved ham, and just enough carmine to make it all a very delicate pink. Whip all together for three or four minutes, pack it into a mould, and set it in a basin full of broken ice for 1½ hours. Then turn out and serve.

Roast Grouse

Pluck one or two young grouse, singe carefully, draw and clean the inside, and wipe them thoroughly with a damp cloth. Game birds, and especially grouse, should never be washed. Mix ½ oz. of fresh butter with a saltspoonful of black pepper, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a few drops of lemon juice, and place this inside the birds. Truss the birds for roasting, and dredge them with flour. One or two vine leaves and a slice of fat bacon should be wrapped over the breast of each bird. Roast from twenty-five to thirty-five minutes, and baste frequently.

Compote of Peaches with Cream

Pare some ripe peaches, stew gently from eighteen to twenty minutes, keeping them often turned in a light syrup made with 5 oz. of sugar and half a pint of water boiled together for ten minutes. Dish the fruit, reduce the syrup by boiling it quickly, pour it over the peaches, and serve with cream and fancy pastries.

Mushroom Toasts

Mince ten large mushrooms fine, add pepper, salt, half a cupful of gravy, and a dessertspoonful of Worcester sauce; stew the mushrooms in this till cooked, then pile them on some small rounds of fried bread; sprinkle over them a little grated cheese, and put them under the gas broiler until slightly browned. Serve very hot.

Devilled Prawns

Cut about a dozen prawns in small pieces, sprinkle with cayenne, and then add a dessertspoonful of chutney, a little melted butter, and one tomato, cut up small. Stew these over the fire or gas, stir till boiling, and add a little made mustard. Have ready small rounds of fried bread, and put some of the devilled prawns on each, and sprinkle over a little finely chopped parsley. EMILIA.

THE BYSTANDER
6, GREAT NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C.4. *Telephone:* **Central 7511**
SUBSCRIPTION RATES

For 12 months (Including Christmas Number)		For 6 months		For 3 months	
U.K.	£3 3 0	U.K.	£1 11 6	U.K.	15s. 9d.
CANADA ..	£3 1 0	CANADA ..	£1 10 6	CANADA ..	15s. 3d.
ABROAD ..	£3 7 6	ABROAD ..	£1 13 9	ABROAD ..	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage.

Avoid Gout

THE incomparable virtues of the Vichy-Célestins *Natural* Mineral Water have won for it world-wide fame in the treatment of *gout* and kindred disorders.

Drawn from the famous "Célestins" spring at Vichy, and bottled under State supervision, this famous Mineral Water is an acknowledged and *proven* defence against *gout, diabetes* and the early stages of chronic affections of the urinary passages.

Pleasing to the palate and invaluable as a tonic-digestant, Vichy-Célestins should be taken regularly at meals, either in its pure state or it can be mixed with light wines or spirits.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The French Natural Mineral Water

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,
Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road.
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VICHY ETAT

Two familiar "Spirits" which maintain their reputation the wide-world over, and are the constant choice of men who know and drink good Whisky. "Special Reserve" for daily use and "Five Star" for special occasions.

Crawford's LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

A. & A. CRAWFORD LEITH, SCOTLAND
TRADE MARK

London Office: 24-26 MONUMENT STREET, E.C.3.

Ask yourself this question!

Am I wearing a suit that's only half perfect?

HOWEVER excellent the material, whatever care your tailor bestows on his work—both are wasted when the Lining is of poor quality. Ask your Tailor to use a "COURTINE" LINING, woven by Courtaulds, Ltd. Your suit will then retain its original shape, and continue to fit snugly without "pull" anywhere. A "COURTINE" LINING is so finely made and finished that not even perspiration or cleaning will harm its colour or texture. Obtainable to match every kind or colour of cloth. Garments lined with a "COURTINE" LINING are easy to slip on and off, ensuring a delightful feeling of comfort and ease.

"Courtine" (REGISTERED) LININGS

The name is on the selvedge.

If any difficulty in obtaining "COURTINE" LININGS, write to the Manufacturers: COURTAULDS, LTD., 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.

AQUASCUTUM WRAP COAT

Built from Camel Fleeces and Tweeds, outlined with braid and collared with Fur. A light, warm, and perfectly ventilated Wrap Coat for Walking and Travelling.

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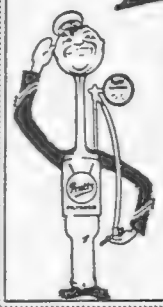

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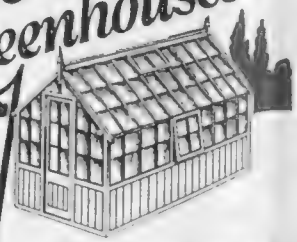

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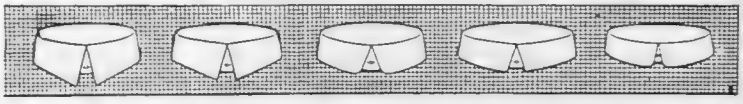

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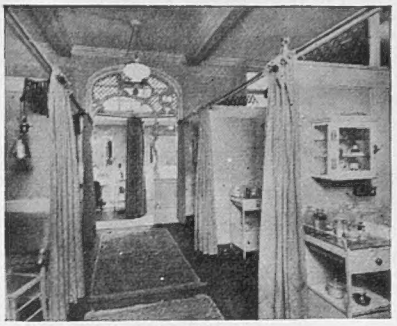

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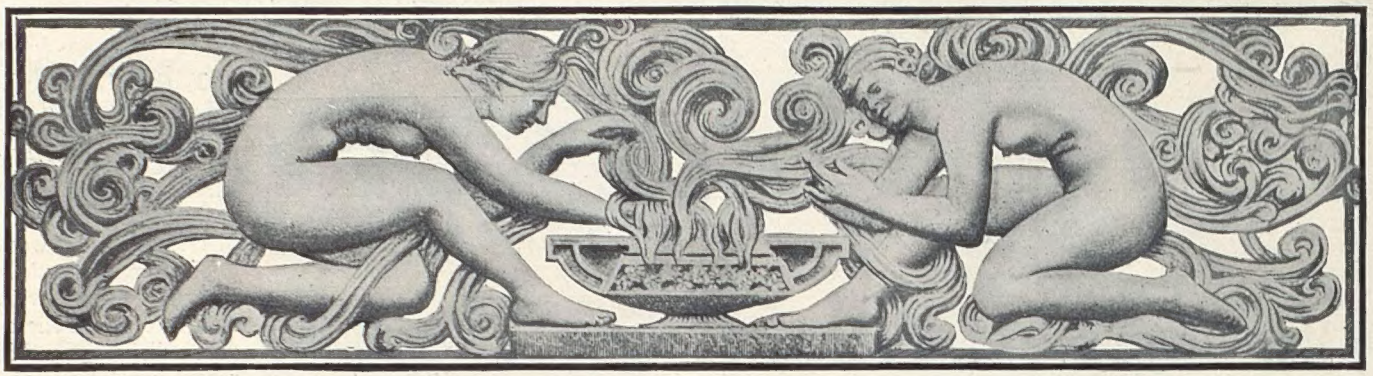

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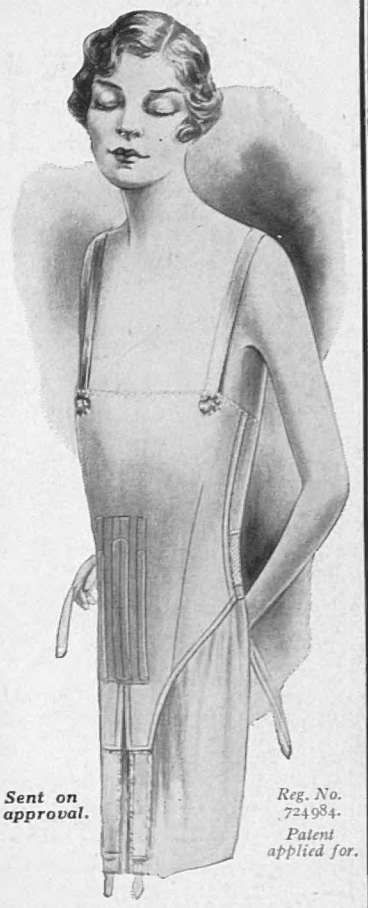

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